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The Sphere

CHRISTMAS 1937

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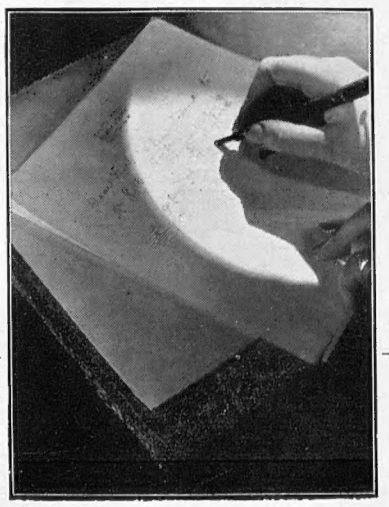

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IF YOU WILL DO THIS—WE WILL DO THE REST. DON'T FORGET

YOUR FRIEND'S ADDRESS—AND YOUR OWN, OF COURSE

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LADY in LILAC

From the painting by Nell Tenison Cuneo, exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1937

THE VIRGIN RETURNS TO HER NICHE IN THE CATHEDRAL WALL.

From a drawing by VERONICA HAIGH. It depicts the moment in the old story of the Miracle when the little novice, having returned from her journey into the world, the Virgin, who, unrecognised, has in the meantime been taking her place, returns to the niche in the cathedral amid the profound emotion of the assembled multitude of worshippers.

When at Christmas Christ was Born

(*Quand Dieu requit à Noël*)

Probably about sixteenth century.

WHEN at Christmas Christ was born
In far Palestine,
All observed that solemn day
With a joy divine.
There was neither churl nor king
Who did not a present bring,
And who offered ever
With their best endeavour.

THERE was one who gave a lamb
With his heart and soul,
And another brought some milk
In a little bowl.

Adoration of the Shepherds
By GARAFALO.

One, beneath his smock, 'tis said,
Brought a humble gift of bread
For the Mother holy
And for Joseph lowly.

THERE was not a single wight
But he came to see ;
Even from far Moorish lands
Journey'd monarchs three.
These good princes from the East
Gave with prayers that never ceased
The incense and myrrh
And gold which all admire.

MAY it please this Child Divine
Now to give us grace,
That in His abode above
We may find a place.

LETTERS of long ago

culled from many rare sources and here illustrated for this Christmas number by Millar Watt and Hookway Cowles

Margery Brews to Her Valentine, John Paston the Younger

(This first letter is taken from the Letters of the Pastons, a Norfolk family whose domestic correspondence has been preserved.

February, 1477.

Unto my right well beloved Valentine, John Paston, Esquire, be this Bill delivered.

Right reverend and worshipful, and my right well beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto his pleasure, and your heart's desire.

And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good hele of body, nor of hear, nor shall be till I hear from you. And my Lady my Mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore. . . .

Mine heart bids me evermore to love you,
Truly over all earthly thing.

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping; and I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthly Creature save only yourself.

And this Letter was indited at Topcroft, with full heavy heart,

By your own,

MARGERY BREWS.

(Margery's mother was in favour of the union between her daughter and John Paston but the respective fathers could not for some time agree. Hence the sadness of the young lovers and Margery's reference to her mother "labouring the matter to my father." However all was well a short time later, Margery being duly wed to her worshipful and well beloved Valentine.)

Drawn by Millar Watt

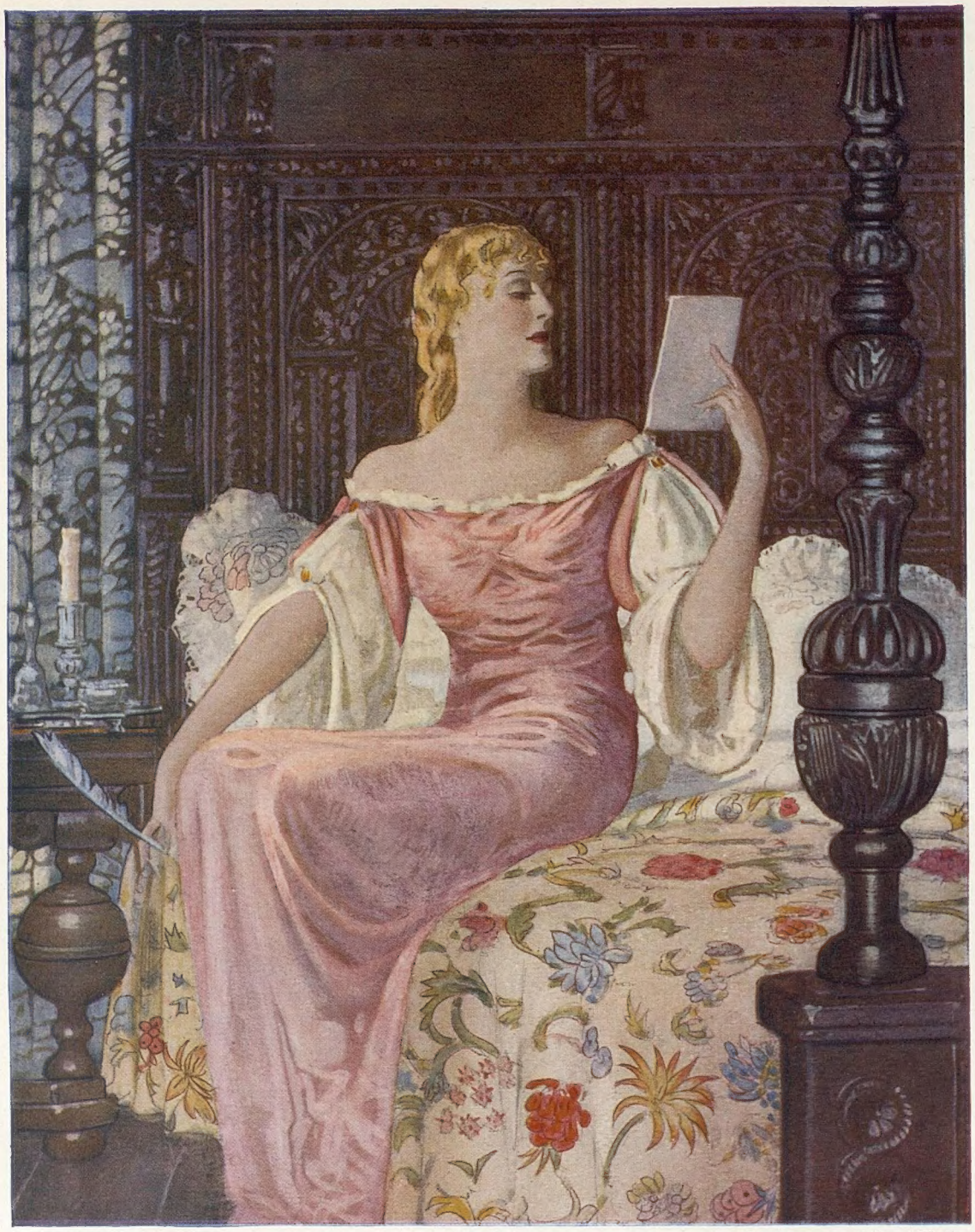
"But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore" : Margery Brews reading over her letter to her Valentine in February, 1477, during the troubled period when the fathers could not agree as to the marriage.

Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, concerning some Shepherdesses who lived a happy life

Chicksands, May, 1653.

. . . You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account not only what I do for the present, but of what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. About ten o'clock I think of making me ready, and when that's done I go into my father's chamber, and from thence to dinner, where my cousin Mollie and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. B. (a suitor of Dorothy's) comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there, but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. . . .

. . . If you have ever loved me, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make you, 'tis to preserve yourself from the violence of your passion. Vent it all upon me; call me and think me what you please; make me, if it be possible, more wretched than I am. I'll bear it without the least murmur . . . I would lay down my life with greater joy than any person ever received a crown; and if I ever forget what I owe you or ever entertain a thought of kindness for any person in the world besides, may I live a long and miserable life. 'Tis the greatest curse I can invent : if there be a greater, may I feel it. This is all I can say. (*Continued on page 6*)



Drawing by Millar Watt

"I would fain be telling my heart more things—anything to be in a kind of talk with him."—Lady Rachel Russell to her husband. Sept. 20, 1681.

Lady Rachel Russell writes a letter, pillowed in bed, to Lord Russell

Stratton, September 20th, 1681

. . . They will tell you how well I got hither and how well I found our dear treasure here: your boy will please you: you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you: for, as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling Papa: but I suppose it is the word he has most command of, so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were fine in remembrance of the happy 29th of September: and we drank your health, after a reindeer pie: and at night your girls and I supped on a sack posset: nay, Master would have his room, and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset: but he does but rub his hands for it. It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage garden: be there by eight o'clock or a little after: though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late: and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbour Worsley to-day. I would fain be telling my heart more things—anything to be in a kind of talk with him: but, I believe, Spencer stays for my despatch: he was willing to go early: but this was to be the delight of the morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back, where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more. I trust in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill-wishers. Love and be willing to be loved by, R. RUSSELL.

(*This letter from Lady Rachel Russell to her husband was written from Stratton, an estate in Hampshire, and her favourite home. The writer of this charming domestic letter was the wife of Lord William Russell, who was beheaded two years later for supposed complicity in the Rye House Plot. Her husband was an honourable gentleman who would have scorned any part in the dastardly plot to assassinate the King and the Duke of York on their return from the Newmarket races. He was concerned, however, in a confederacy to raise the country against Charles and the court policy, and in his hatred of Popery had been rash and unwise, so that when the Rye House Plot was discovered he was immediately arrested. Lady Rachel attended him devotedly at the trial, sat beside him, taking notes and pleaded for his life after his condemnation. Charles showed consideration by informing Lord William that his estates, forfeited by his execution, would be returned to his widow. Lady Rachel lived on for forty years after her husband's death, dying at the age of eighty-seven, when she was laid beside her husband in the Russell Chapel at Chenies.*)

Henry VIII's sister Mary writes of her marriage with the Duke of Suffolk

Paris, 1515

I had never done against your ordinance and consent, but by the reason of the great despair wherein I was put by the two friars . . . which hath certified me in case I come to England your council would never consent to the marriage between the said lord and me, with many other sayings concerning the same promise, so that I verily thought that the said friars would never have offered to have made me like overture unless they might have had charge from some of your council, the which put me in such consternation, fear, and doubt of the obtaining of the thing which I desired most in this world, that I rather chose to put me in your mercy accomplishing the marriage than to put me in the order of your council knowing them to be otherwise minded. Whereupon, sir, I put my lord of Suffolk in choice whether he would accomplish the marriage within four days, or else that he should never have enjoyed me: whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises as he made your grace, as well for fear of losing of me as also that I ascertained him that by their consent I would never come into England. And now that your grace knoweth the both offences, of the which I have been the only occasion, I most humbly and as your most sorrowful sister require you to have compassion upon us both and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your grace to write to me and to my lord of Suffolk some comfortable words, for it should be greatest comfort for us both.

By your loving and most humble sister,

MARY.

(*One of the most potent arguments for a peaceful settlement of their affairs was the possession by the dowager queen of a huge diamond and pearl jewel known as the Mirror of Naples. This she despatched to Henry by means of Cardinal Wolsey, with the intimation that more valuables were to follow.*)

So exceptional in size and character was this jewel that THE SPHERE has been attempting to trace its subsequent history or present whereabouts.

The dramatic story connected with this famous jewel opens at Senlis when Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, arrived at the head of an Embassy to congratulate Francis I on his accession and to convey to the young Dowager Queen Mary the condolences of her brother and her country.

The "Mirror of Naples"

In the British Museum there is a document acknowledging the receipt of the Great Diamond known as "Le Mirouer de Napples", with a large pearl attached. It is described as "*enchassez et mis en euvre en une bordeuer d'or,*" to serve as a headdress. Then follows a list of other jewels sent at the same time. The document ends as follows :—

"*et pour tesmoing de ce nous ayons signe la presente recongnoissance de nostre main. A Paris le XV je jour d'Avril l'an mil cinq cens et (quinze) . . . myn apres Pasques.*" It is signed by Suffolk, West, and Sir Rich. Wingfield. The Queen's own signature was probably under Suffolk's but is now lost.

On f. 229 are the words: ". . . cion that th(e French) Queen had receipt a goodly great diamond called the Mirror of Naples with certain other jewels."

Although mutilated, the manuscript is very clear and good.

"I was detected by Betsy and Geraldine who insisted me." Jane Welsh Carlyle's letter to her husband

LONG AGO

from page 5).

On Candlemas Eve, Francis sent for Suffolk to come to his bedchamber, and in Suffolk's own words to Henry VIII "broke to him the matter between the Queen and him" (dated Janu. 31, 1515). It appears that Mary had also "broken" to Francis in Paris her determination to marry Suffolk as soon as possible, and that Francis was ready to help her to this end. With remarkable foresight in one so young (she was only sixteen), she had insisted on Henry, her brother, signing a document promising that if she consented to the marriage with Louis XII, she should be permitted, in the event of his death, to marry whom she pleased.

In a letter to Wolsey, Suffolk gives a fuller account of his interview with Francis. He tells him how Francis had reassured him on the matter of Henry's anger: that he had promised to see Mary in Paris and arrange matters: and that he would himself write to Henry to further the marriage. "I and the Queen," said Francis, "shall so instance your Master, that I trust he will be content." That Francis kept his word is shown by the letter dated February 22, 1515, preserved at the Public Record Office.

Suffolk certainly had a gift of vivid writing, and in one of his many letters to Henry he describes his first interview with Mary herself on this occasion.

"She began to show how good lady (she) was to me, and if I would be ordered by her, she would never have none but me." After an affecting scene in which she wept—"Sir, I never saw woman so weep"—she concluded the interview—"If the King my brother is content and the French King both . . . that I should have you, I will have the time after my desire, or else I may well think that the words of . . . in these parts and of them in England be true . . . that you are come to tyes me home to the intent that I may be married into Flanders, which I never will, to die for it. . . . And if you will not be content to follow (my) end, look never after this day to have the proffer again." And finally comes Suffolk's brief summing up—"And so she and I was married." Truly an impetuous and determined lady !

on putting on their bonnets and accompanying concerning his delayed letter, July 14, 1846.

Drawing by Hookway Cowles.

"This box I hope you will receive safe with my most sincere and affectionate Love."—Mrs. Bligh to her husband, Admiral Bligh, of "Bounty" fame. Aug. 11, 1808.

It must have been soon after this satisfactory conclusion, from her point of view, that she was inspired to send gifts to conciliate Henry: the first of which was the great diamond, the Mirror of Naples. Suffolk, knowing that Henry was insistent on the treasure and plate and jewels which Mary had taken with her to France being returned, wrote a letter to Wolsey in which the jewel is mentioned. "As touching the Queen's matter," and his, he thinks that "a diamond with a great pearl, hereby sent from the Queen, should be delivered to the King."

On April 21, 1515, there is a letter from West to King Henry, reporting progress in the negotiations over the plate and jewels and gold, in which he adds that the King (Francis) "was sore displeased at the loss of the diamond called the Mirror of Naples, that he would do no more." Up to the present "The Sphere" has been unable to trace the subsequent fortunes of this huge jewel. Any information will be welcomed by the Editor.

One Royal Sister to another—Elizabeth to Mary

March 16, 1554.

I most humbly beseche your M. to verefie it in me that a King's word was more than another and to remeber your last promise and my last demand that I be not codemned without answer and due profe, wiche it semes now that I am for that without cause proued comanded to go unto the Tower, a place more wonted for a false traitor, than a tru subiect . . . I protest afor God . . . that I never practised conciled nor cosented to any thynge that might be preiudicial to your parson any way or dangerous to the State by any mene. And therefore I hubly beseche your Majestie to let me answer afore yourselfe and not suffer me to trust your Counselors. . . . I pray God cofound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, toke, or letter by any memes, and to this and my Truth I wil stande unto my dethe. I humbly craue but only one worde of answer fro yourselfe.

Your Highnes' most faithful subiect that have bine from the beginnynge and wyl be to my ende.

ELIZABETH.

The rivalry and jealousy between the two half-sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, must have begun even at the birth of Elizabeth, to which, at the age of seventeen, Mary had been summoned. Elizabeth was at once called Princess and Mary went by the title of "the Lady Mary the King's daughter." Mary wrote furious letters to her father protesting against this. In order to punish her, probably, for this rebellion, she was then ordered to attend the baby princess at Hatfield. During the years of intrigue and plot and counter-plot that followed, the sisters never became friendly. The wretched Mary went in fear of her life, as well as of her possible succession to the throne. When, at last, the bitter years over, she became queen in 1553, she still feared and distrusted her half-sister, all the more because Elizabeth used to boast that at any rate she was more like their father than Mary. Mary refused to name her as her heir, and suspected (or pretended to suspect) her of participation in plots against her life and throne. After Wyatt's rebellion, Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower, although to the end Wyatt himself declared her innocent of any complicity. It was then that the above very clearly penned letter was written.

Mrs. Bligh writes to her husband the famous Admiral Bligh of the "Bounty"

Durham Place, August 11th, 1808.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I have this morning sent off a Box to Portsmouth for you, to go by the Spring Grove, a Ship of Mr. Wilsons—in it are all letters from myself, your friends and the Dear children, all which I trust will give you pleasure. It likewise contains a Blue Cloath Coat with plain Buttons made by Collins—a Mixed Cloak and materials for making another which I think you will find useful for riding in—3 pr. of beautiful Silk Stocking—2 pr. of Shoes by Staton and materials for 2 pr. of Boots—2 pr. of uniform Gloves—A Portrait of Fanny by Henry, beautifully done, and all your newspapers and Magazines. It likewise contains

"I put on the collar there and then, and went down to breakfast in a little better heart."—Jane Carlyle to her husband, July 14, 1846. *(See also drawing on previous page.)*

for my Dear Mary 3 pr. Silk Stockings—6 pr. Gloves and 4 pr. of Shoes. Inside some Music. These I think will be an entemediate supply until Brooks goes again. I wished Mr. Wilson to have sent you some Liquors but he said Mr. Campbell would let you have from the Cargo what you wanted and I was happy to hear that by a Ship of Mr. Campbells which went to Canton you had plentiful supplies of Tea, etc., etc.—this Box I hope you will receive safe with my most sincere and affectionate Love.

The Dear Children again send their affectionate Duty,—And I am

My Dear Mr. Bligh most sincere your

ELIZABETH BLIGH.

Napoleon to Josephine

Marmurolo, July 17, 1796.

Since I left you I have been constantly melancholy. . . . I thought I loved you a few days ago, but since I have seen you, I feel that I love you a thousand times as much. Since I have known you I adore you more every day. This proves that La Bruyère's maxim that "love comes all of a sudden" is false. Everything in Nature has its course and a different rate of growth. I beg you to let me see some of your faults.

(*This is only one of the torrent of tempestuous love letters which the great military commander poured forth to his beloved Josephine. There must have been an almost ceaseless stream of couriers bearing these impassioned messages back from his various camps to Paris.*)

Lord Byron to Annabella Milbanke

Newstead Abbey, 1814.

You do not perhaps recollect the first time we ever met at Melbourne House. . . . I did not know your name and the room was full of morning visitors. I was myself almost a stranger and felt awkward and shy. I set you down as the most puzzling person there. There was a simplicity, an innocence—a beauty in your deportment and appearance which, although you hardly spoke, told me I was in the company of no common being. . . .

Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett

May 19, 1846.

With this day expires the first year since you have been yourself to me. . . . Such a life, made up of such years, I would deliberately take rather than any other imaginable one in which fame and worldly prosperity and the love of the whole human race should combine, excluding that of yours—to which I hearken—only wishing the rest

LETTERS OF LONG AGO

(*Continued from page 7*)

were there for a moment that you might see and know that I did turn from them to you. My dearest, inexpressibly dearest.

(*This was an anniversary letter that Robert penned to his fragile dear one. She was still the fluttering invalid in the shaded room, but growing stronger under her lover's will that she should live and love. It was in September of the same year that the famous flight from Wimpole Street took place.*)

The Delayed Birthday Letter. A letter from Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle

Seaforth House, July 14th, 1846.

Oh, my dear Husband, Fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! But it is all right now: and I do not even feel any resentment against Fortune for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, even when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve—but you shall hear how it all was.

Yesterday in coming back from the Post-Office, where I had gone myself with the Letter to you, my head took to aching, and ached and ached on all day in a bearable sort of fashion, till the evening, when Geraldine came over from Manchester, and the sudden bounce of my heart gave at the sight of her finished me off on the spot. I had to get myself put to bed, and made a bad wakeful night of it: so that this morning I was nervous, as you may figure, and despairing of all things—even of the Letter from you that I expected so confidently from you yesterday. Encouragement came, however, from a quarter I was little dreaming of: *before* the Post-time—before I was dressed, in fact—Heaven knows how she had managed it—there was delivered to me a Packet from—Bölte, at Cambridge—a pretty little collar and cuffs of the poor thing's own work, with the kindest letter, after all my cruelties to her. Well, I thought, if *she* can be so loving and forgiving for me, I need not be tormenting myself with the fear that *he* will not write to-day either. And I put on the collar there and then, and went down to breakfast in a little better heart.

At ten, the Post hour, I slipt away myself to the Post-Office, but was *detected* by Betsy and Geraldine, who insisted on putting on their bonnets and accompanying me. I could well have dispensed with the attention: however, I trusted there would be a letter, and their presence would only hinder me reading it for a little. And *two* were handed out which I stretched *my* hand to receive. Both for Betsy! None for *me*, the Post-mistress averred.

Not a line from you on my Birthday—on the fifth day! I did not burst out crying—did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know: but I walked back again without speaking a word, and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you who know me can conceive. And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so *ill* that you could not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the Railway and back to London. Oh mercy! What a two hours I had of it! And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying out through the house, "Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a Letter for you!" And so there was, after all! The Post-mistress had overlooked it, and given it to Robert when he went afterwards, not knowing that we had been. I wonder what Love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my Dear, I am not fit for living in the world with this organisation. I am so much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come thro' an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to *write* decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you by return of Post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little Card-case. And now I will lie down awhile and try to get some sleep—at least to quieten myself. I will try to believe—and why cannot I believe it once for all—that with all my faults and follies, I am "dearer to you than any earthly creature!". I will be better for Geraldine here: she is become very quiet and nice, and as affectionate for me as ever.

Your own,

JANE CARLYLE.

(*Seaforth House was near Liverpool, the home of the Paulets—where Jane wrote "I enjoy the inestimable advantage of being let alone—I have the amplest toleration granted me to be as ugly and stupid and disagreeable as ever I please."—Mrs. Paulet was one of Jane's dearest friends.*)

Charlotte Brontë Writes on Marriage to Her Friend Ellen Nussey

Haworth, Aug. 9, 1854.

Since I came home I have not had an unemployed moment. My life is changed indeed; to be wanted continually seems so strange. . . . As far as my experience of matrimony goes, I think it tends to draw you out of, and away from, yourself. . . . I think many false ideas are propagated, perhaps unintentionally. I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintances to marry, much to blame. . . . Indeed, indeed, Nell, it is a solemn and strange and perilous thing for a woman to become a wife. Man's lot is far, far different.

C. B. NICHOLLS.

★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★

THE KISS

by Alan Beeton

from the painting exhibited in
The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1937

IN PERILOUS POSITION: A sailing ship, with sails blown to ribbons, is here shown being forced towards the rocky coast of the Auckland Isles, the weather coasts of which are pounded incessantly by thundering waves. No vessel which has struck has ever been rescued from her position

DISTANT less than 200 miles from the south point of New Zealand, the Auckland Isles are yet uninhabited, save by seabirds and seals in great number: their waters teem with fish, but the value of this is offset by the rocky nature of the sea-bed and the prevailing strong winds and high seas of this storm-wracked latitude, which render the fish hard to catch: "cauldrons of wind and sea, where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift," these are the Aucklands. The weather coasts of the isles are pounded incessantly year in and year out by titantic forces, though on their lee sides there are sheltered harbours where people might, did they so wish, live in comparative security and reap the rewards of their labour.

Once only have these islands been occupied, and that shortly after their discovery a century and a third ago: they were first reported as a separate group by a Yankee whaleship in the first year of last century, but for some years afterwards there existed considerable doubt as to whether or not they were the Macquaries, lying some hundred and fifty miles farther

TRANSFIXED IN A CAVE: When the "General Grant" struck, she was driven into a cave, her masts striking rock both at top and bottom, the ship becoming inextricably jammed in this terrible position. Some of her ironwork can be seen in the cave to this day

THE MYSTERY ISLANDS of the Roaring Forties

Illustrated by Montague Dawson

In the Roaring Forties of the wild Southern Ocean on the old windjammer track around the world, and more particularly on the route from Australia to the Horn, there lies a mysterious and sinister group of islands that are yet a delight to the eye; these are the Auckland Islands, rugged in their grandeur of scarp and battlemented peaks, marked by tumbling, gleaming silver ribbons of cascade, and with valleys a wondrous allure of light and shade. Many a crew has been stricken here with a dangerous lethargy

BROKEN MASTS PROVE A ROAD TO SAFETY : Swept onward by huge seas, the "Dundonald" crashed upon the rocks of the Auckland Islands. Fortunately the masts gave way and proved a means by which sixteen survivors were enabled to reach the shore. The party fell under the spell of this land and their ultimate fate is not known

south and west. The point was settled by Captain Briscoe, of the *Ocean,* one of the London fleet of whaleships owned by the famous firm of Enderby & Son, whose ships had already reported important discoveries of land not previously known to exist in the Antarctic, in 1806, and a whaling and sealing station was established in the same year on Main Island: their fleet in southern seas used this as their base, and for wooding and watering, for some thirty years, and the isles were the scene of considerable activity.

During that period of time several ships were wrecked in the group, and many lives were lost, but the position of the survivors was not then the desperate one it later became when the isles were abandoned in 1839. For ten years following this date, nothing was heard about the islands, yet they had taken their toll of tragedy, for when in 1849 an Australian passenger ship on her way to the Horn passed close to them, there were three battered wrecks to be seen, but no sign of life, though the ship fired three guns, and no word was ever heard of the missing crews: they never won to safety.

In 1863 a ship, the *Grafton,* returning to England with miners and their gold on board, crashed on the rocks here, and all lives but eleven were lost, and two of the survivors died of injuries received in the wreck. By July 29th in the following year, there remained but five to tell the tale. out of 371, and these men, having built a boat out of the ship's wreckage, on that date entrusted their lives to this in the stormy seas and safely reached Stewart Island off the New Zealand coast.

In this year, 1864, two ships were lost here, the *Minerva* and the *Invercauld :* the crew of the first-named ship, to the number of seventeen,

Continued on page 54

WHERE CASTAWAYS ARE STRUCK WITH A MYSTERIOUS LETHARGY : Time and again wrecked crews have reached the shore, only to fall under a spell of inertia. They have failed to find, and in some cases have not even searched for, the depots of food maintained on the island. Passing ships have seen battered wrecks strewing the shore, have fired guns, but have seen no sign of life

FLOWERS ARE LOVE'S TRUEST

FLOWERS have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.

Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers—
Henry Ward Beecher.

A MIXED BUNCH

By Ethel M. Thompson
Exhibited in R.A. Exhibition, 1937

MARGUERITE, MYRTLE AND SCABIOUS

By Dod Proctor, A.R.A.
Exhibited in R.A. Exhibition, 1937

THE windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood.

The Death of the Flowers—Bryant.

LANGUAGE: A Symposium in Verse and Picture

BRAVE flowers—that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain!
You come abroad and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud: you know your birth:
For your embroidered garments are from earth.

YOU do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever spring:
My fate would know no winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing.
Oh that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

Elegies by Henry King, 1592-1669.

Below
FLOWERS IN A COTTAGE
By George Sheringham
Exhibited in R.A. Exhibition, 1937

MAGNOLIAS

From a watercolour drawing
Exhibited at the Paris Salon
by Dorcie Sykes

AH, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear, with the blood which was shed—
And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close;
Her tears, to the wind-flowers,—his blood, to the rose.
A Lament for Adonis—
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true:
Yet wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.
Field Flowers—Campbell.

A Romance of the Privy Council:

The records of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council contain many strange cases but none, perhaps more odd than the one relating to the claim by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C.B., of H.M.S. "Samarang," for £12,000 for killing and locating certain pirates in Malay waters. Here follows a description of the case, together with the text of Sir Edward's original despatch describing one of the most remarkable of naval engagements, and some account of Belcher himself, who appears to have been of the school of

——Admiral Bligh.——

"I quitted H.M.S. 'Samarang' on the morning of June 3, with the second barge and gig."

"TO killing 350 pirates—£20 each. To locating 950 pirates who ran away—£5 each."

Such was virtually a little bill for piracy which Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C.B., famous as an Arctic explorer, rendered to Britain. He successfully defended his claim in the Courts, but the Treasury, in one of its rare economical moods, was reluctant to pay out a matter of twelve thousand pounds for little more than one day's work and fighting. Hence it came about that this little bill became the subject of an appeal to the Privy Council, and the story of the *Samarang's* pirates passed into judicial history. Payment was contested on the grounds that there was no conclusive evidence that the Malay prahus seen by the crew of H.M.S. *Samarang* were pirate vessels, nor that the native sailors in brilliant scarlet uniforms were bold and bad pirates. But the just Britannia, sitting in Downing Street, preferred the bluff tale of the gallant captain to the legal quibbles. The verdict itself was unique. It not only gave him the pirate prize money, but commended the officers and men for their great adventure.

There is no doubt that Sir Edward Belcher was lucky. For once, the Privy Council did not trouble to thoroughly sift the evidence. Those were the stirring days when it was popularly held that one Englishman was equal to half a dozen Frenchmen or a score of Russians. The story told to the Privy Council went far beyond this. It was that twenty-six Englishmen had beaten thirteen hundred well-armed pirates and suffered only two minor casualties in the exploit! A very wonderful bit of work—if strictly accurate.

The ostensible business of H.M.S. *Samarang* in Malay waters in 1844 was that of peaceable surveying and not pirate chasing. There were islands in the Moluccas to be mapped. One June morning, Captain Belcher set off from his ship with a party of twenty-six all told in two boats and eventually landed on a reef near Gilolo. They put in several hours' quiet work. Suddenly they heard yells and screams and wild war whoops. A band of savages, clad in blazing red, came rushing on, flinging arrows and spears. They were repelled by musketry and evidently went off to give warning. At this point the history of that famous game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe which Drake insisted on finishing before meeting the Spanish Armada seems to have been repeated.

"No, we will carry on with the surveying," said Sir Edward Belcher in command. "And then we will flog these pirates."

If it be objected that there was no evidence that they were pirates, but just natives defending their own territory, the answer is that according to the sailors they were dressed in scarlet and this had been the traditional wear of pirates in these seas.

So when the survey duties had finished for the day the Captain deliberately took his two boats out of their homeward course in order to have his revenge. They burnt a village and hotly pursued two prahus until the savages had to beach their craft and fly whooping and yelling inland. Instead of returning to H.M.S. *Samarang* the English sailors found a seemingly quiet cove and prepared to rest for the night.

They were roused by a riot of tom-toms. War gongs—shrieks—whizzing of arrows, startled them into activity. The sight which met their heavy eyes was like a bit of moonlight pageantry on the summer sea, but of far more ominious import.

"Here comes the pirate's armada," cried the captain.

If this was so, these savage pirates knew the value of imposing spectacle. The prahu of the chief flew gaudy banners and long streamers in all the gay colours of the rainbow. This one led four other large craft, and the red-robed chief stood proudly foremost on his prahu as though vastly proud of his "flagship." He flung a defiant challenge to the intruders and demanded to know what had brought them to Gilolo.

"I am the captain of a British ship of war," answered Captain Sir Edward Belcher. "These are boats belonging to His Majesty's ship *Samarang*, and she is just outside."

The gallant officer made no overtures of peace or friendliness. When the story was told to the Privy Council it was suggested that these savages were not pirates but were simply resenting an invasion. But Captain Belcher had always understood that the Malay pirates wore scarlet; these wore scarlet; therefore he had circumstantial

The fight on the reef where astronomical observations were being taken.

The extraordinary affair of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, Captain of H.M.S. 'Samarang,' and the presumed Malay pirates

Illustrations by Wyndham Payne

The boats returned at sunset to H.M.S. 'Samarang' after their terrific victories.

evidence that they were pirates. This explains that his two small craft prepared for action without parley. Nor did the gaily decorated armada lose time in courtesies. The official report said that they commenced yelling and capering and shooting arrows and throwing spears. A dozen rounds from the gun on the larger of the British boats, however, worked instant havoc. It was an extraordinary encounter. These twenty-six bold Jack Tars captured the fleet. Some of the pirates were killed or injured and others escaped to the shore, and lo, another fleet of five suddenly appeared.

"By discharges of round and canister shot," according to the evidence, "divided alternately amongst them, together with Congreve rockets and musketry, great slaughter and confusion were caused, and those of the pirates who were not killed or severely wounded jumped overboard and fled to the jungle for safety." It must be confessed that the resources of the pirates reads almost like a fairy tale. As soon as this second fleet had been beaten, another fleet of five appeared. The fighting became so desperate that Sir Edward Belcher himself was wounded and fell overboard, but was providentially rescued and continued to command.

The handful of sailors beat the third armada and returned in triumph to H.M.S. *Samarang*. After which a force returned to make quite sure that the pirates and their ships were fully accounted for. Two small boats and twenty-six men had destroyed four separate fleets and accounted for some thirteen hundred pirates, and only the Captain and one seaman had been wounded.

It was this which made our Admiralty sceptical and our Treasury disinclined to pay the prize bill. But the judicial committee of the Privy Council accepted the story and ordered the cash to be handed over with compliments and thanks.

Here follows the actual report of Captain Sir Edward Belcher which was dated June 26, 1844 (some three weeks after the fight herein described). It was conveyed to Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Commander-in-Chief at Singapore.

During the prosecution of my surveying duties in the Straits of Gilolo the following circumstances occurred which I have the honour to transmit for your information.

I quitted H.M.S. *Samarang* on the morning of June 3, with the second barge and gig, armed and provisioned for three days, directing Lieut. Heard to look out for me at the Strait of Patientia where I knew that I could reach before the ship.

THE HERO of the FIGHT:

Captain (afterwards Admiral) Sir Edward Belcher

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD BELCHER, R.N., came of a family well accustomed to taking risks and adventuring in remote parts of the world. He was born in 1799 at Halifax in Nova Scotia and was a grandson of William Belcher, Governor of the Province. The name of Belcher was well known in those parts. In 1730 one Jonathan Belcher was Governor of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire, at a time of great unrest and disturbance. Colonel Dunbar was making fresh settlements in Nova Scotia on land claimed byMassachusetts Bay; and a long and bitter struggle ensued between these two strong and energetic characters. The question of settling the Governors' salaries was also becoming acute, and in spite of all Belcher's protests and endeavours, the Home Government had to give way, and victory rested with the Colonists.

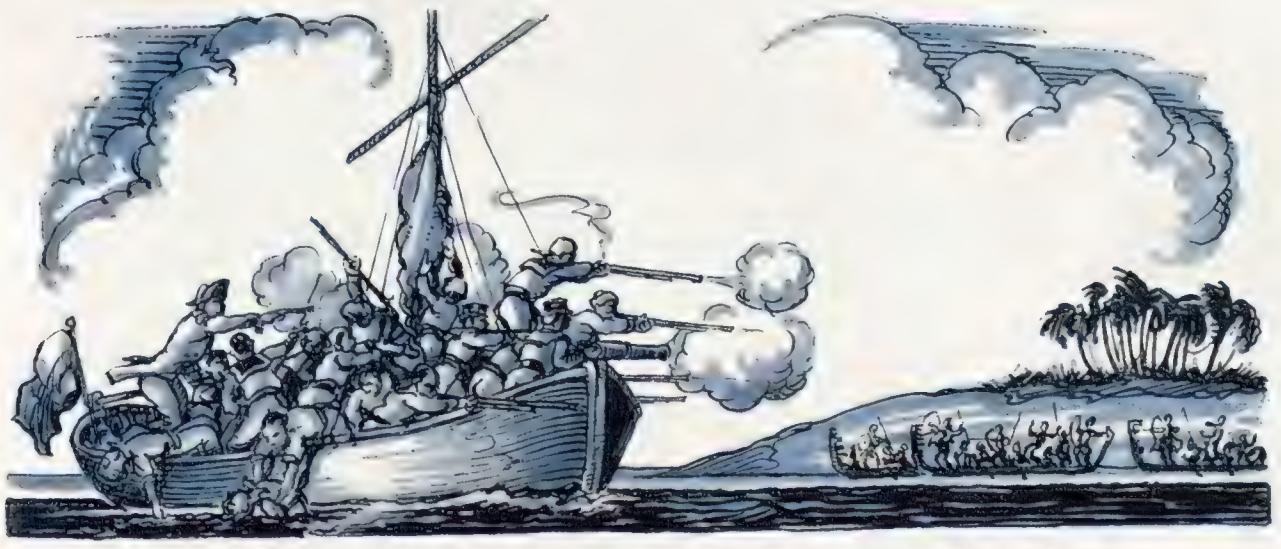
Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, C.B. (From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.)

The hero of our story entered the Navy in 1812, and his career in that service was full of incident and excitement. He was present at the bombardment of Algiers, and after becoming Lieutenant he was appointed Assistant Surveyor to the *Blossom* sailing on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific and the Behring Straits. During 1830-32, he was in command of the *Etna* surveying the coasts of Africa. After a period on the Home Survey he was appointed to the *Sulphur*, surveying ship, and after employment on the west coasts of North and South America, he reached Singapore on his way home in 1840.

War, however, had broken out in China, and he was ordered there at once. The Canton River was the main scene of his activities, which must have been conspicuous and successful, for an island in the river is called by his name to this day, as well as a street in the city of Canton. There had been a fierce affray at Fatshan Creek a mile from the Foreign Concession, which is a mere sandbank on the river in the vicinity of the city. Naval officers and men had fought brilliantly, working up the river to this long narrow island about a mile away, now known as Belcher's Island.

The *Sulphur* returned to England in 1842, and in November of the same year, Belcher, now knighted and a captain, sailed in command of the *Samarang* for a survey of Chinese waters.

(*Continued on page 46*)



A well-directed shot from one of the enemy's brass guns wounds a seaman in the neck.

At 10 a.m., I landed on the reef extending from a low island on the coast of Gilolo, and had commenced my astronomical observations when we were visited by ten or twelve natives, unarmed, but evidently too cautious to be friendly. They retired, but I could understand from their conversation that they knew us to be English.

I had hardly finished my noon observations when I was surprised by a most discordant yell from the woods, about a quarter of a mile in our rear, and perceived two divisions, amounting together to about forty men, advancing on each flank with the intention of surrounding us. They were gorgeously attired, (*Continued on page 46*)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE GREEKS

By W. LOFTUS HARE

The author of this brief exposition of what is evidently a very wide subject has studied this particular aspect of Heraldry for many years, and is convinced of its validity as a practice in Heroic and historical Greek times. That it was a beautiful art will be evident from the merest glance at the reproduction of actual vases and of the drawings given here, culled from hundreds of possible examples. It is indeed singular that the study of this fascinating theme should have been so long neglected by those learned in Heraldry.

A LION on a Warrior's Shield
From an amphora in the British Museum

A PANTHER on a Shield
From an amphora in the British Museum

There they stand, gleaming at one from vase after vase in the long vistas of museum galleries, one elegant design after another in bewildering array; yet the title of this short sketch will perhaps surprise the average reader whose knowledge of such things goes no farther back than the Norman Kings of England and their heroic companions; it may even annoy the expert heraldist, who guards a field which no man may enter—least of all an amateur gate-crasher.

First, let me place the art in its proper location, in the practice and at the service of warfare. Apart from weapons of offence and defence, military men all over the world—I say this without hesitation—have needed means of identification of friends and foes in the turmoil of battle. Banners bearing national devices or those of regimental leaders were borne aloft and used as points of rally; the thing is well known and continues almost to our own day. At a very early date, and in what race it is perhaps impossible to say, devices of identification began to appear on shields used in battle, especially where protective armour would tend to hide the identity of the warrior, and some means was needed to reveal it to his companions.

The all-knowing Herodotus says that the Carians, a race of Asia Minor in the service of King Minos of Crete, were the first to put devices on their shields and taught the practice to the Greeks. However that may be, and leaving other races to discover the origin of their peculiar heraldry, we come suddenly upon an immense corpus of

A PEGASUS on a Big Shield
From a stamnos in the British Museum

A FLYING DOLPHIN as an Heraldic Device
From a kylix in the British Museum

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE GREEKS

THE GHOST OF PATROCLUS
With device of a tripod on a specially shaped shield.

THE THREE-LEGGED DEVICE
This famous device which has wandered to the Isle of Man appears here on a shield borne by Eukalados who is being attacked by Athena.

(*Continued from page 16*)

material, partly literary but mostly visible in the vase paintings. There are at least 250 shield devices known, single or combined "charges" on the field, while the number of actual specimens in museums and collections amounts to many thousands.

I can dispose of the literary references briefly and they are important. Homer has six detailed descriptions which imply the practice to be universal; Æschylus and Euripides have seven each, Pindar and Plutarch a few. I account for the paucity of written matter by the fact that the Greeks, who subjected their whole lives to art, wrote little about art and nothing whatever about their system of shield devices. They were taken for granted like any other practical craft.

A LINE OF NINE SHIELDS BORNE BY WARRIORS
They bear a number of interesting devices, some geometrical, with a Silenus head on the extreme right.

If we consult the dubious muse of mythology we shall conclude that Greek armorial bearings had a very tragic origin. Perseus, a hero of sorts, was challenged to destroy the petrifying gorgon Medusa, which he accomplished quite easily with the aid of Athena and Hermes. After decapitation the horrid thing was known as the *gorgoneion* and exhibited in public places as a threatening warning to evildoers. There is considerable uncertainty as to what the Gorgoneion looked like and it is a byway in history to note how Medusa's face changes from ferocity to formality and finally even to beauty in the Roman design which can be seen on the Bloomsbury door-knockers—to turn to stone unwanted visitors.

However, the Gorgoneion is one of the most famous blazons employed by the Greeks on their large man-covering shields, and, according to Homer and the witness of the vase paintings, it was borne by Agamemnon, Achilles, Memnon, Patroclus and many others. It had two purposes, one to terrify the enemy—"the Gorgon fell of aspect glaring terribly" and the other to act as a sign (*episemon*) of the personality of the warrior whose face was partly hidden by a crested helmet and whose body was covered by the shield.

Many, but not all, of the devices had a threatening significance. The "Seven against Thebes," described by the two great poets, bear on their shields signs of their hostile intention; they will burn down the town, uproot its gates, snatch and destroy its children, or bring back the fearful Sphinx. Six of the chieftains carry an *episemon* boasting of their prowess; one, curiously, has a white shield, preferring, as the poet says, "to be rather than to seem noble." We may judge from this that the attraction of seeming noble was as ancient as it was modern.

There is little or no evidence that the blazons were held for generations of families like our "coats of arms." The documents contradict the idea and make the device of personal and temporary use. Thus the *Sphinx* is often seen; Peleus, Achilles, Amazons and unknown warriors bear her likeness. *The Flying Boar* is occasionally seen. *The Centaur* hurls great stones or wields an uprooted tree-trunk in many contests. The beautiful *Pegasus,* the flying horse, son of the dying Medusa, appears on the shields of Athena, Achilles, Hector and settles down to a quiet home in the Middle Temple. The *Dolphin,* one of the earliest of the aquatic animals to be splendidly depicted in Cretan pottery, along with the *Octopus,* comes onto the shield of Hyppolyta, in winged form. Also the *Crab.*

It is curious how seldom the

(*Continued on later page*)

THE SINGLE LEG DEVICE
Presumably a precursor of the famous triple leg device.

A SERPENT IN CONTORTION
Figures on another shield, in a group showing Herakles and a warrior.

THE FAMOUS PIRATE BLACKBEARD WHO VISITED EDENTON, and it is said, lured the then governor (1720 period) into accepting some piratical booty. Blackbeard, or Teach, was evidently a blustering brute of the best pistol-shooting type who had some power over the unfortunate governor. The lack of effective activity against the pirates led to an appeal to Governor Spottswood of Virginia, who fitted out some vessels which finally disposed of Teach and at the same time led to the discovery of a letter on one of Blackbeard's ships from Governor Eden's secretary which seemed to incriminate the governor. There has been much argument for and against the accusation of complicity on the part of the Governor.

PIRATES FREQUENTLY LANDED ON THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST, for its numerous inlets into hidden harbourage proved a most desirable part of the world for men working "on the account."

A MILITARY PARTY OBSERVING SUSPICIOUS VESSELS. Alarms were frequent along the coast during the early part of the eighteenth century, and only a vigorous Governor here and there was able to take effective action against the pirates, they, on their part, having a surprising number of partizans, official and otherwise, ashore.

THE DISCOVERY

The "Sphere" has, readers will recall, dealt from time to time with matters related and the Carolinas were infested with an extraordinary number of sea captains "fight of the sea frequently landed on the North Carolina coast and held seaport towns to coast of North Carolina was so indented with inlets (Ochracoke and Roanake spring the inner waters and there lie hidden. About the time of 1719-20 Edward Teach way got in touch with the Governor, Sir Charles Eden, who had his official position on Albemarle Sound, a huge sheet of shallow water, suggested that possibly "Sphere" instituted enquiries, but could find no one who knew personally of set out for this one-time link with ancient piracy. Of the fascinating discovery district in which Edenton is situated, he tells in a letter and notes written

Here is the letter which Mr. Nelson Springer wrote to the "Sphere" the morning after he arrived at Edenton—he was staying at the Hotel Joseph Hewes. On the opposite page are the notes which Mr. Springer compiled after consulting records in the library and museum, both of which are in charge of Mrs. Pennie Whedhee McMullan, and in the court house with the assistance of Mr. R. D. Dixon.

EDENTON is a surprisingly beautiful town, said to be the second oldest in the state, the first being Bath, which is near here. It has only this one hotel, and so few people come here that I was quickly recognised as a stranger on the streets to-day.

There do not seem to be any poor people in town except the negroes. Most of the houses are old and large, of Georgian or American colonial architecture, set in the midst of spacious lawns and among century-old towering trees. One lawn for example will have as many as ten or twelve trees, each of them with a trunk as large or larger than a man can embrace. They are mostly oaks, elms, and willows, but there are many varieties. On one lawn there is a giant rhododendron tree.

The harbour is almost a perfect semicircle, and is about 5 miles across at its mouth, I should say. The land is low-lying, of a soft and gentle aspect, but its colouring is as deep as it is gentle. Last night, as I rode from Norfolk, Virginia, to Edenton, there was a full moon and the earth was draped in mist, and the trees appeared as single, huge, dark flowers. There are many tall pines with no branches except at the top, and in these pine groves there is no underbush. The moonlight among their tall stems was a bewitching thing.

The only way I could reach Edenton from New York was by way of Norfolk, passing through Washington and Richmond, and taking a motor 'bus from Norfolk.

One of the loveliest trees in Edenton is the crêpe myrtle with gorgeous roseate flowers that bloom all summer. I shall always remember this place for its trees and flowers. The air is heavily laden with perfume. There is a huge Marechal Neil rosebush in bloom not far from this hotel.

There has been a hotel on this site since earliest colonial times. It was known as the Kings Arms Tavern, and held a charter from the King of England. It was succeeded by Horniblow's Tavern, burnt down in 1881.

There is a cotton mill

EDENTON AS DEPICTED BY NORMAN PRICE, the American artist who has so effectively illustrated the late Mr. R. W. Chambers' piratical stories. The drawing is here reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Price; it was drawn to illustrate "The Rogues' Moon" (Appleton) and shows the young hero or rather heroine venturing down to the sea front after the gibbetting of a band of pirates at Edenton one sunny afternoon.

THE COURT HOUSE AT EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA, "Colonial" building which, he writes, was erected in 1767, some forty by a clock turret. It is the oldest court house existing to-day in N. of its kind dating from colonial days.

OF EDENTON

to 18th century piracy, when the seas between the Bahamas
ing against all flags" as the phrase then went. These terrors
ransom on occasion, so bold did immunity make them. The
to the memory) that many piratical squadrons would penetrate
or Blackbeard visited Edenton from time to time and in some
residence at this then "early colonial" seaport. Its remote
Edenton still retained something of its old time flavour. The
Edenton or had ever visited it. At last Mr. Nelson Springer
which he made and the difficulties of getting to the remote
immediately after his exploration of the town.

here and there is a peanut factory, devoted solely to shelling peanuts. This is the great peanut centre of the state. There is no evidence of industrial activity about the town, however, most of the residents being the owners of large plantations roundabout.

FROM 1722 to 1766 the town of Edenton was the capital of the province of North Carolina. It was also the capital of piracy. For it was in Edenton that the notorious Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard, found his greatest ally . . . and his nemesis.

One would guess that Edenton has a past; its gracefully venerable mansions, its well-groomed lawns, its majestic oaks and elms and pines, its ravishing crêpe myrtles, delirious with their rose-white blossoms, the almost complete absence of any sign of industry. . .

Two trains a day pass through Edenton, one going north, one going south; but no one would ever know it. And almost no one ever comes to Edenton. Almost no one has ever heard of it. It is off the beaten path. It has no railroad connections except with Norfolk, Virginia, and Raleigh North Carolina. It is never likely to become a resort town. The waters of its harbour are too shallow for modern craft. They are too muddy for swimming in, and they contain no fish. There is only one hotel, which is altogether comfortable, but which offers no attraction to the playboy. Notwithstanding its piratical past, Edenton forbids the sale of whisky, has one or two very plain and simple places where one may buy beer and very light wines. At the middle of a week-day, with business at its height, one or two motor cars and perhaps a half-dozen people can be seen on the main street.

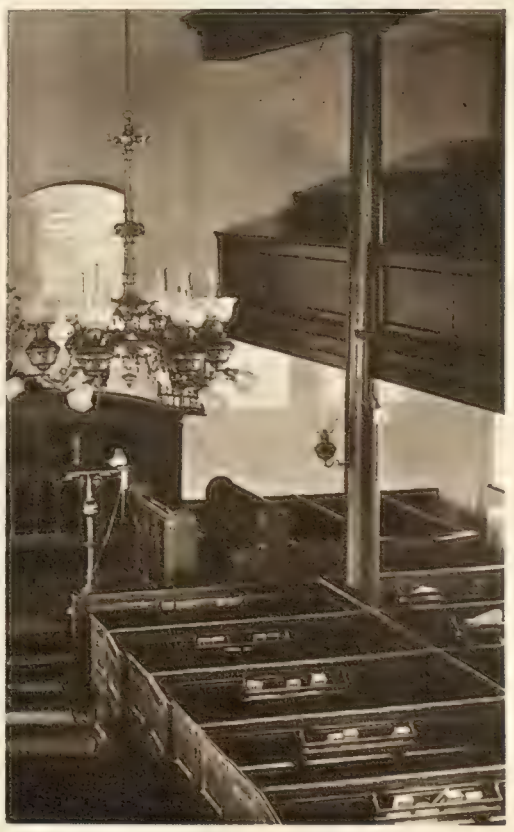
AN EDENTON RELIC: This bronze teapot marks the home of Mrs. Elizabeth King. There, on October 25, 1774, fifty-one ladies of Edenton resolved to drink no more tea until the famous tax was removed.

EDENTON'S CHURCH WITH ITS TALL TAPERING SPIRE: This, writes the "Sphere's" correspondent, is, according to information given him by Mr. Richard Dillard Dixon, the clerk of the Superior Court, the third church to be erected in Edenton. It was just 200 years old last year, having been erected in 1736. The first was built in 1701 and the second in 1708, both wooden structures. The present beautiful building is of brick.

AS IT IS TO-DAY: The "Sphere's" correspondent visited this charming old years after Governor Eden's time. It has a gracefully balanced facade surmounted Carolina and possesses on the second floor a finely panelled room, one of the largest The earlier court house was built of wood in 1719.

The quality of food available in its very humble eating-places, which are clean, is exceptionally good; and the cooking is good. Discourtesy is apparently unknown, and the stranger can rely on the most considerate treatment from anyone whom he may accost in search of information.

The town is historically-minded, without any apparent desire to capitalize on its history. Several of the streets bear names connected with Edenton's history. Carteret Street recalls the Earl of Carteret, one of the "Lords' proprietors" of the old colonial regime. Albemarle Street recalls the Duke of Albemarle. There is also a King Street, a Queen Street, and a Gale Street. Christopher Gale was the first chief justice of the province and a native of Edenton. It has a very small, but a very important museum, with manuscripts that shed a most detailed light on its past, its social and economic life, as well as its political history. Its court house (the present building was erected in 1767, the oldest in North Carolina) houses a priceless collection of colonial records and early publications, which fortunately are in the custody of one R. D. Dixon, a gentleman of great scholar ship, who (*Continued on page 52*)



THE PEWS AND GALLERY IN EDENTON'S CHURCH: Here is another touch of Georgian days which our correspondent found on exploring Edenton after his arrival one moonlit night.

WHEN THE FIRST SNOW FALLS :

A camera study of Clunie Loch and Castle, Perthshire, under a first mantle of snow

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE FOUNTAIN :

Glassy pendants on this fountain in a Midland park make an unusually attractive frost study.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

A section devoted to a topographical examination of one of Charles Dickens's greatest novels, all the illustrations to the story having been specially drawn for this issue of "The Sphere" by Charles E. Brock. The drawings illustrating the "Great Expectations" country of Eastern Kent are by Percy Home.

The stretch of low-lying land which lies between the mouths of the Medway and the Thames is particularly sacred to Charles Dickens, who spent part of his life at Gadshill, looking down on Rochester. The marvellous novels which astounded the English-speaking world took much of their inspiration from the county which Dickens loved so well. Canterbury, Dover and Rochester all have their own histories, but superimposed upon them is the imaginary reality given to them by Dickens. Not only does the visitor to Canterbury seek the great Cathedral, but also the house where Agnes Wickfield lived, and the inn which harboured Mr. Micawber when he came to see how the Medway coal trade could be utilised for the resuscitation of his precarious fortune. Unfortunately it was found that though the trade might require talent, it certainly required capital. Mrs. Micawber summed it up in her logical manner: "Talent, Mr. Micawber has; capital Mr. Micawber has not."

As with Canterbury, so it is with that peninsular at the mouth of the Thames—half pleasant agricultural farmland—half marshes inundated by the sea—orchards and cornfields on the higher ground, and a great stretch of wide marshland, covered with coarse grass and intersected by ditches. From the moment it became the scene of "Great Expectations," this hitherto little-known land became alive with vivid pictures of Pip and his convict, of Joe Gargery and his forge, of the sinister Orlick, and of Mr. Wopsle, the church clerk with leanings to the stage.

* * *

"Great Expectations" was one of Dickens's later books, when he was writing with greater realism, not relying so much upon comic incidents and characters. The main idea of the story was to show the effect upon a poor lad of the promise of a great fortune, of the snobbery it evoked, the looking down upon his humble friends, and his courting of the wealthy lady whom he imagines is the origin of his expectations. It is held by many to be the greatest of the novels, though, of course, this is disputed strongly by those who hold that "David Copperfield" stands far above all. They are both written in the first person, the hero in both cases describing his life from childhood, but "Great Expectations" is the more sombre story, being weighted with mystery. Pip himself does not immediately win the affection inspired by the small David Copperfield, and his treatment of his blacksmith step-father, Joe Gargery, who had shown such tenderness to him as a child, calls for a certain indignation at his lack of gratitude. His candid account of poor Joe's visit to see him in London, of his irritation with the honest fellow's nervousness in his unaccustomed town clothes, and of his shame at being connected with anyone of so lowly a standing brings out the moral which Dickens had in mind—Pip does nothing to ease the awkwardnesses of the visit, but clumsy Joe, as he rises to go, makes Pip ashamed by his parting speech: "I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th' meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge dress, with a hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as if you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window, and see Joe the blacksmith there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so God bless you, dear old Pip, old chap. God bless you!"

* * *

The marshland of "Great Expectations" was well known to Dickens, who, though endowed with the keenest imagination, always drew from his personal observation. His home at Gadshill looked right over it, and his favourite walks were among the lanes and villages which led to the marshes. To own Gadshill had been the boyish ambition of young Charles Dickens, who achieved his desire in 1856. Writing to a friend soon after his arrival, he describes the place which gave him so much delight:

"At the present moment I am on my little Kentish freehold—looking on as pretty a view out of my study window as you will find in a long day's country ride. My little place is a grave red-brick house, which I have added to and stuck bits upon in all manner of ways, so that it is as pleasantly irregular, and as violently opposed to all architectural ideas, as the most hopeful man could possibly desire. . . . Cobham Park and woods are behind the house, the distant Thames in front; the Medway, with Rochester, and its old castle and cathedral on one side. The whole stupendous property is on the Dover road."

* * *

Forster, the biographer of Dickens and the chief among his friends, states that it

WHERE "PIP" MET THE CONVICT. A road leads up to Lower Higham church (or Higham Abbey church, as it is sometimes called), but beyond the gates are the marshes flanking the Kentish bank of the Thames. The outlook here has altered little since the period of "Great Expectations."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS:

A BIG MOMENT IN "GREAT EXPECTATIONS": Pip's encounter with the convict in the churchyard.

was in Cooling churchyard that the great novelist told him that he intended using Cooling for "Great Expectations." The melancholy row of ten small cylindrical stone tombs, six of them being those of the children of the Comport family, who owned Cooling Castle in the 18th century, who all died when they were only a few months old, evidently gave the idea of the graves of Pip's five little brothers "who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle." But though Cooling has the graves, the neighbouring village of Lower Higham has been claimed as containing more of the topographical details described by Pip as belonging to his village. It is probable that Dickens, like most writers, and indeed artists as well, felt himself at liberty to transpose any particular object he needed from one spot to another. Joe's forge and cottage have an exact reproduction in the village of Chalk, where Dickens spent his honeymoon, his keen eye having registered it, making use of it in later years. The cottage still stands, though the garden in which young Pip used to walk has been cut off.

* * *

The story opens on a bleak Christmas Eve, when Pip was surprised in the churchyard by the terrifying convict, who ordered him—with threats of horrible violence if he failed—to bring him "that file and them wittles" early the next morning. Pip watches the wretched man climbing over the low church wall, picking his way over the marshes, hugging his shuddering body in both his arms.

"The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad, nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate."

* * *

Both Cooling and Higham churches are on the edge of the marshes, but Cooling is nearer Egypt Bay, where the convict hulks were, while Higham is closer to Higham Creek and the grass-grown mounds of the old battery, to which Pip was ordered to bring the file and "wittles."

The mingling of mystery and horror with which the story opens shows Dickens at his best, and is the keynote of the whole book. One sees the frightened little boy hurrying off in the cold, dripping early morning of Christmas Day, with the food stolen from the larder—"Some bread, some rind of cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat . . . some brandy from a stone bottle . . . a meat bone with very little on it, and a beautiful round compact pork pie"—to meet the terrifying convict. And on the same evening the pursuit with the soldiers (who had come to the forge for some repairs to the manacles) in the low, red glare of sunset. It was when the soldiers were spread out searching the marshes that a shout was heard, and the men started in its direction. Pip, mounted on Joe's broad back, found it a fearsome journey, "down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dykes, and breaking among coarse rushes" . . . ending in the discovery of Pip's convict engaged in a deadly struggle with another convict.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S HOUSE IN ROCHESTER with its overhanging storeys is identified as the bui the cornchandler, had his shop. Pip is describe on the night before his first visit to the mysterio

OVERLOOKING THE "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" COUNTRY. The view from Shorne, which Dickens considered the most beautiful village in Kent, looking northwards towards Gravesend and the London river, with Chalk church on the right.

The next great event in young Pip's life was his visit to the mysterious Miss Havisham, who lived at Satis House, in Rochester. It is never called Rochester in the story, but just "the market town" which was about four miles away, but everything mentioned in "Great Expectations" as happening there can be identified. The Guildhall, where Pip was apprenticed to Joe; the cornchandler's shop, where the egregious Mr. Pumblechook lived; and Satis House, which is an exact description of the dignified old Elizabethan house, known as Restoration House. Pip had been hurried off one evening in Pumblechook's chaise to Rochester, where he had been sent to bed in an attic where the roof was so low that the tiles were within a foot of his eyebrows. The next morning he had been interested in the shop, and thought Mr. Pumblechook must be a very happy man to have so many drawers in his shop, all of them filled with tied-up brown paper packets filled with seeds. Pumblechook's house is undoubtedly taken from the fine three-gabled house in the High Street, opposite Eastgate House.

Restoration House, near the Vines (once part of the Priory gardens), the original of "Satis House," was built about 1580, and obtained its name in

A topographical survey of Dickens's great novel continued

honour of a visit from Charles II when on his way to London, at the Restoration. The room which he occupied is panelled in black oak, and this is the one which Miss Havisham is supposed to have used, where candles were always burning, no daylight having been admitted to the house since the tragic day fixed for the wedding when no bridegroom appeared. Pip's visit to the eccentric lady, still dressed in the faded satin bridal garment, played a great part in his life. That day he met the beautiful Estella, adopted daughter of Miss Havisham, whose adoring slave he became from that moment. Her influence was not for good, her scorn for him as a vulgar little boy opened his eyes, and he realised that his hands were coarse and his boots were thick. He was no longer happy at the forge—he kept fearing that one day Estella might look in at the open window and see him dirty, with blackened face. Estella—beautiful, haughty, disdainful, pursuing some strange prearranged destiny, and the low-class convict—are the two dominating influences in Pip's eventful career.

* * *

When the strange Mr. Jaggers arrives in the village with the information that Pip has Great Expectations, but that his benefactor was to remain secret, Pip makes the great error of thinking that the wealthy Miss Havisham was behind all the mystery. He welcomes the chance to become a gentleman and, therefore, nearer to the torturing desire of his heart. Up in London he shares quarters with a charming young fellow, rather after the Traddles type, Herbert Pocket, a relative of Miss Havisham, and under his care learns how to behave as a gentleman, and the two together manage to get through money quite easily.

While engaged upon these pursuits, Pip is thrown into a state of fearful ecstasy by a note from Estella, saying she is to arrive by the mid-day coach, and that he was to meet her. He haunted the coach-office at the "Cross Keys," in Wood

This fine three-gabled dwelling in which Mr. Pumblechook, is sleeping under the attic, Miss Havisham, at Satis House.

TYPICAL OF THE CONVICT'S HULK FROM WHICH MAGWITCH ESCAPED

"Old Hulks on the Thames," by David Cox—from a water-colour drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

ESTELLA ARRIVES IN CHEAPSIDE BY COACH FROM ROCHESTER: "The waiter had been staring at the coach as if he had never seen such a thing in his life . . ." Estella first explains that she is going on to Richmond, and then hands Pip her purse, saying: "You are to pay my charges out of it. We have no choice—you and I—but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices."

A SCENE *from* "GREAT EXPECTATIONS":

When Pip entertained Estella to tea at the Cross Keys in Wood Street, Cheapside, upon her arrival from Rochester—Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by C. E. Brock.

Dickens thus describes the difficulties of the young hero in obtaining refreshment for the beautiful Estella at the now long-vanished hostelry off Cheapside. "The waiter took my order which, proving to be merely 'some tea for the lady,' sent him out of the room in a very low state of mind." A multitude of objects are produced, including a pale loaf with a powdered head, and eventually the waiter staggered in with a fat family urn, expressing in his countenance burden and suffering.

WHERE PIP AND MAGWITCH SLEPT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CONVICT'S ARREST : The Lobster Smack on Canvey Island pictured as it is to-day.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

Continued from page 35.

Street, Cheapside, before the coach had left Rochester, and began a restless waiting of four or five hours. When she at last arrived, "in her furred travelling-dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even to my eyes." They stood in the yard, while her luggage was collected, and then Estella explained that she was going on to Richmond and that Pip was to be her escort. She handed him her purse, saying: "This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse. We have no choice—you and I—but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices—you and I. . . ."

* * *

While they were waiting for a carriage they went into the inn for tea. The waiter took them first into a black hole of a room, and then into a great room where there was some extinct conflagration in the grate, consisting of a scorched leaf of a copy-book under a bushel of coal dust. While the waiter was absent in search of tea, Pip endured that unhappy condition, that mingling of ecstasy and misery which was the invariable product of his meetings with his beloved Estella. The waiter brought in by degrees some fifty adjuncts for the meal, "but of tea not a glimpse." . . . "A meek little muffin confined with the utmost precaution under a strong iron cover . . . two proof impressions of the bars of the kitchen fireplace on triangular bits of bread, a fat family urn . . . and at length came back with a casket of precious appearance containing twigs." When the refreshment was finished, the bill paid, and "the whole house bribed into a state of contempt and animosity, and Estella's purse much lightened," they got away in the post chaise.

* * *

The momentous return of the convict and the discovery of the source of his wealth, shattered Pip's dream—his "great expectations" as the heir of Miss Havisham vanished in the fearful revelation of his real benefactor. One feels sympathy for Pip at his natural repulsion, but it was the convict, with his pride and love for the boy whom he had worked for and made a "gentleman," who rescued Pip from his snobbery and selfishness. His desperate efforts to save the unhappy convict from recapture bring out real manliness, and for the first time one grows to *like* Pip, who, in spite of himself, grows fond of the man who had risked his life to see him again.

The journey down the river by boat, when Pip and his two friends pick up the convict from Mill Pond Stairs, and row down below Gravesend, planning to lie in wait for an outbound steamer, is told with all the exactitude of detail of which Dickens was a master. We are told that he hired a steamer and went all the way from Blackwall to Southend to watch the conditions of the river, and the course his hero would have to take. Beyond Gravesend, that riverside town which has a Dutch-like picturesqueness when seen from the Tilbury shore, the boat with the convict (dressed in a cloak, like a river-pilot), pushed against the tide, and Pip became more and more anxious lest there was pursuit. After rowing for a long time along the muddy shore, they came to a little causeway and saw on the shore a light coming from the house. They drew up the boat there, and had a meal by the kitchen fire of the lonely inn, congratulating themselves that it was so solitary. This inn can be none other than The Lobster Smack, on Canvey Island (then scarcely populated), a wooden boarded building, very isolated from all other habitations. It was near deep water, so that the plan of stopping the Hamburg steamer was quite a feasible one. Nowadays Canvey Island has been found by the bungalow dweller, and the Lobster Smack Inn is far from solitary on a fine week-end.

* * *

The final thrill of "Great Expectations" is the recapture of Pip's convict, when, just as they are about to hail the steamer, a four-oared galley—rumours of which had alarmed them—came alongside and ordered the arrest of Magwitch, the convict. His discovery that the cloaked figure in the galley was his old enemy, who had given information against him, and the death struggle in the water, brings about a dramatic conclusion.

Dickens had intended, it is said, to allow Pip's story to end unhappily, but he was persuaded to introduce a final meeting some years later, in the neglected garden of Satis House, between Pip and Estella, now softened by suffering. "I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place. . . . I saw no shadow of another parting from her."

Beatrice Home.

THE "MARKET TOWN" OF THE NOVEL : Rochester, wnere Dickens spent part of his boyhood, is never named in the story, but it is placed at a distance of four miles from Joe Gargery's forge, and every reference to it coincides with this city by the Medway. This view shows a gateway of the Cathedral.

PIP AND ESTELLA meet, at last with no shadow of parting, in the deserted garden of Satis House.

WINTER, CORFE CASTLE VILLAGE

from the painting by Stanley Royle exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1937

THE MILL STREAM, DEDHAM

from the painting by John A. Park, exhibited at the 1937 Academy.

DUTCH CHILDHOOD

A Portrait of a Little Girl

by

W. W. Van der Vliet

Apple-cheeked, and holding a coral-tipped rattle, this little Dutch lady gazes out steadily at one in a wide stately gallery of the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam. There is quite a cluster of Dutch children in this part of the gallery, but this little nameless one easily holds the chief attention of the spectator. She is so elegantly dressed in her olive-green gown, reaching quite down to her tiny feet. An odd touch of her dress is the long pendant seen hanging from her right shoulder. Who was she? In the Catalogue she is just a Child (No. 2568a), by Willem Willemsz Van der Vliet. As he was born about 1584 and died in 1642, this stout young lady, miniature, doubtless, of her mother, lived probably in the early part of the 17th century. The artist was born at Delft. For the rest, one can but guess at the career of this child.

CHILDREN IN DUTCH ART

IN no other country has the life of the people in all ranks of society been so faithfully mirrored by its great painters as in Holland. The art of the Netherlands in the Golden Age of the seventeenth century was domestic. Dutch painters of that period painted not for the glory of God nor in the tradition of an idealised profession: they painted to honour their daily life and to please a citizenry not much removed in rank from themselves.

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A BOY, who holds in one hand a kind of golf-club, and in the other a ball, is by Wijbrand DE GEEST, who was born at Leeuwarden in 1592 and died there after 1659. By his marriage in 1622 with Hendrikje Ulenborgh, he became the brother-in-law of Rembrandt. He painted a good deal in Paris and Rome, but did most of his work in and near his native town of Leeuwarden.

Rembrandt should be excepted. As a painter he must be excepted from most generalisations. He brought Dutch painting back to the hierarchy of heaven and the company of Olympus. What really seems to have happened is that Dutch burgers and their wives, under the magic touch of Rembrandt's brush, rose to the solemn majesty of heaven and the intellectual dignity of Olympus. But they never quite lost their Dutch nationality. A Rembrandt saint, admitted by St. Peter through the Golden Gates, would have looked around immediately for a stall of salted herrings.

A happy circumstance in this domestic quality of Dutch art is the profusion of children in *genre* pieces, groups, and individual portraits. I suppose there is no other country in which childhood has been so engagingly depicted from a very early period. It starts even with the primitives, though here Italian and early Flemish influence placed them against the traditional religious background.

Everyone who has been through the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam knows that lovely fifteenth century work of the Haarlem painter Geertgen tot Sint Jans showing the Holy Family with St. Anne and St. Elizabeth and the infant St. John. The child Christ is an amusing little snub-nosed babe quite unconcerned about his high destiny, and own brother to the choristers hurrying through their jobs and longing to get out to a game of marbles.

In the same cabinet there is a Nativity from the school of Geertgen. It shows conclusively that Dutch children are very real children, but act their part as angels indifferently. They must have been delightful playfellows for the infant Jesus. The pity with the primitives is that their angels and bambinos are either naked or dressed in costumes supposed to be appropriate to the biblical subjects into which they are introduced. It is not until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that Dutch children blossomed forth in the rich attire of their elders and appeared on canvas like princes and princesses from a kingdom of dwarfs.

What is clear, however, from the primitives as from their successors, is that Dutch children have always been loved, if not petted, and have always been admitted by their elders to an intimacy unusual in other countries. In group scenes portraying the most solemn occasions, children are almost always present. In the Rijksmuseum there is a primitive Judgment of Christ with children playing see-saw on a plank laid over a barrel a few yards away from Pontius Pilate and the condemned Christ.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE OF DUTCH CHILD PORTRAITURE.

The painter is Jan Albertsz ROOTIUS, who was born at Hoorn, on the Zuyder Zee, about 1615, and died there in 1674. The portrait is of a young girl holding a goat by the horns. It hangs in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam.

A YOUNG GIRL WITH A FAN. By JOHANNES VERSPRONCK.

The artist was born in Haarlem in 1597 and died there in 1662. He was a pupil of his father Cornelis Verspronck, and subsequently of Frans Hals. The portrait is of a rosy-cheeked little girl dressed in pale blue. She wears a pearl necklace, and holds in her hand a white feather fan.

Everyone is familiar with Jan Steen's merrymaking scenes. Even on the most riotous occasions the children are there, just as gay as the grown-ups, grown-up themselves in their pipe-smoking and wine-drinking, up to all manner of mischief on the floor and under the table; and not only tolerated, but urged to take full part and be merry.

Disciplinarians in the English sense, the Dutch have never been. Dutch children now, as in the seventeenth century, are permitted a freedom unknown to English children. It is doubtful if they are any the better for it, but one result, which is aggravated by the costumes they formerly wore—and still do in peasant communities—is that Dutch children very soon have an adult look about them, an air of precociousness which is quaint and amusing, but which, in practice, becomes rather tiresome.

The other day I called upon a Dutch friend of mine. At the gateway to their house I met the younger son, aged seven.

"*Goeden dag*, Leo," I said, "I'm just going in to see your father and mother."

"I'd stay out here, if I were you," said the seven-year-old. "It is papa's birthday, and there are a lot of old wives in there talking their heads off. I soon got bored."

Leo was far from being an unusual Dutch boy. There are several friends of his own age

A Holy family showing the Infant Jesus and St. John as Dutch children with other children as choristers. From the painting by Geertgen of Haarlem in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.

DUTCH CHILDHOOD

(*Continued from page 29*)

hanging in the Rijksmuseum and the Museum Boymans at Rotterdam. The difference is that the seventeenth-century friends are dressed much more prettily. Most of them, of course, are in their Sunday costumes. With the girls, these are usually an exact copy of what their mother wears, but different in colour.

Where the mother wears a tight, dark-coloured bodice and full skirt of gold brocade, the daughter's bodice will be of silvery lace, and the skirt of blue and silver brocade with a pinnafore of miraculously fine linen or silk. Lace ruffs appear at the neck and wrists. Both mother and daughter wear gold necklaces and rings, and the daughter, up to five or six years of age, carried a gold rattle. Her little feet are usually shod in satin.

The same styles, in lesser degrees of magnificence, were adopted for the children of burgers of lower rank. There is a lovely portrait in the Rijksmuseum by Jacob Willemsz Delff of the daughter of what was probably a smallish shopkeeper in a provincial town. It personifies the Dutch provincial child—round, broad nose, full, rosy cheeks, full and slightly protruding under-lip and round chin: a contented, self-possessed expression, shrewd, cautious, not very obedient or strikingly intelligent; but strong and industrious and heartily enjoying a bit of broad, rollicking fun.

Her age is probably about eight years. She wears a high velvet hat with feathers. Like her patrician sisters, she wears a tight bodice and full skirt, but they are of wool instead of brocade. The ruffs at her neck and wrists are, however, of finely-worked lace, and the pinnafore is of linen. Instead of a gold necklace, she wears coral, and instead of carrying flowers and a golden rattle she has in one hand a basket of fruit and in the other a (*Continued on page 44*)

On right: One of the few child portraits in the Rijksmuseum whose name is known. She was Clara Alewijn (1635-74). *The artist is Dirck Sant Voort. Born and dying at Amsterdam, he was strongly influenced by Rembrandt's art. Clara is represented as a shepherdess with a staff and lamb.*

★ ★ CHRISTMAS DAY: Canine Camera Studies ★ ★

THE INDUSTRIOUS LETTER-WRITER:

"This letter must needs be brief—my mistress returns at any moment. . . ."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE NAVY:

A siesta study after Special Rations

THE WHOLE FAMILY WALKS THE PLANK — *A camera shot of Mickey and her children perched in adventurous mood over a bunker*

"Come down? No, not me. Mother has warned me about you."

'I know this is unusual, but I've lost my own bairns, so what would you?"

CATS WERE NEVER COMMON

By A Special Correspondent

ON the evening after Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, died at Government House, Poona, a cat was seen by a Hindu sentry to leave the front door and walk up and down in a particular path, as had been the governor's habit after sunset. The native guards consulted a Brahman, who explained that the governor's soul had obviously transmigrated into one of the house pets.

Unable to identify the particular pet, the guards decided that all cats passing out of the main entrance after sunset should be regarded as the tabernacle of the late governor's soul, and for twenty-five years the native sentries solemnly presented arms to every cat seen after dusk.

The Burmese and Siamese still believe that their sacred cats enshrine the spirits of the dead, offerings being made to them in gilded cages in the temples. So recently as 1926 a white cat was carried by court chamberlains in the coronation procession of a Siamese king. There are also the sacred Kimono cats of Japan.

In "The Cat in the Mysteries of Religion and Magic," Mr. M. Oldfield Howey has collected a mass of strange and interesting facts and superstitions. He attributes the possible origin of the sacredness of this animal to the fact that in repose it forms a circle, thus symbolising to the primitive mind the ideograph of the Eternal, the Complete, and also to its changeful luminous eye, which was thought to resemble the sun.

The ancient Greek historian, Horapollon, states that the "cat was adored in the temple of the sun in Heliopolis, because the pupil of this animal follows in its proportions the height of the sun above the horizon, and in this respect resembles that marvellous planet."

The Egyptians mummified cats. Recent research has revealed thousands of such mummies at Bubastis, and at Beni Hassan an Egyptian fellah accidentally discovered a cat cemetery in the grottos, consisting of hundreds of thousands of mummies ranged in order on shelves.

"The inhabitants of neighbouring villages turned up in force and burnt or buried large numbers of the mummies, whilst Levantine antique dealers took possession of many more to sell to tourists. But the supply still far exceeded the demand.

"At last an Alexandrian speculator saw a way to turn the corpses into money by offering them as manure. He shipped tons of corpses to England. A cargo, consisting of 180,000 mummified cats, was landed in Liverpool in 1890 and disposed of by auction. The unimaginative salesman actually used one of the corpses as a hammer, and knocked down the strange lot at the price of £3 13s. 9d. a ton, less than a single specimen would fetch to-day."

With the dawn of Christianity, the ancient gods came to be regarded as devils, and so their sacred animal, the cat, became symbolical of evil, and was popularly believed to be the familiar of witches. It is still believed in the Montferrato that all cats which wander over roofs in February are witches, and in Hungary that a cat becomes a witch between the ages of seven and twelve, and that witches ride upon tom-cats, especially black ones.

Writing in 1590, Boguet declared that a Strasbourg labourer was attacked by three huge cats, which he wounded in self-defence. An hour later he was arrested and charged with maltreating three well-known ladies of the town. It was found that the three ladies were suffering from the identical wounds he had inflicted on the "cats."

That such beliefs still exist to-day was discovered by the Rev. Wentworth Webster when collecting material for a book on Basque legends. "We were told of a man," he writes, "who at midnight chopped off the ear of a black cat who was bewitching his cattle, and lo! in the morning it was a woman's ear with an earring still in it. He deposited it in the Mairie, and we might see it there."

So in the superstitious Middle Ages cats were sacrificed to propitiate the powers of darkness. An inn sign at Albrighton in the following couplet recalls a regrettable custom:

The finest pastime that is under the sun
Is whipping the Cat at Albrighton.

When a part of Westminster Abbey was being rebuilt, the shrivelled corpse of a cat was discovered between the walls, suggesting that the animal had been walled-in alive as a sacrifice.

What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself—Player's Navy Cut.? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please."

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MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
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NCC 411A

FIRST SNOW OF WINTER *From a sketch in oils by C. A. Mellon*

The charm of this artist's landscape work is that it is done straight from nature at a rapid sitting.

Mr. Mellon is a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Roy Elston

ABOVE, the grey clouds were thin, cold, far away and aloof. Below, the Dardanelles ripped between the high, yellow shores of Asia and Europe. Bleak as the cry of a wolf, a wind out of Russia dug its claws in the sea's back.

Rawlins' servant, Joe Meakin, stood shivering at the gateway of the fort. The bell that hung above the arched gateway sounded in the wind like a far-off tolling from the bottom of the sea.

"Uncanny, I calls it," said Meakin to himself, thrusting his hands still deeper into his trousers pockets.

He was gazing up the road that led to Kilid Bahr, the only Turkish village of consequence on this part of the Peninsula. The village was about seven miles down the coast—a collection of high-pitched mud and stone dwellings with seams of dark cypress trees and an overhanging brow of medieval fortifications. John Rawlins had gone there to buy provisions, though normally he got what was necessary from the very much larger settlement of Chanak, on the other side of the Straits.

Meakin watched the road for a few minutes longer, searching it for sign of his returning master. Then he shrugged his shoulders, slammed the gate to, and returned into the fort. The loneliness of his life with John Rawlins had brought on the habit of talking to inanimate objects as if they could hear and understand. Flinging his arms wide before the wooden pump in the centre of the court, he asked, in tones of mingled bewilderment and aggressiveness?

"Wot the 'ell's crawlin' on the guv'nor now? You dunno, do you? Well, neither do I, see! A Merry Christmas to you, and I 'opes you get chilblains."

He shuffled off like a man deeply aggrieved, and entered the living quarters of the fort.

Even for Turkey, this mid-winter wind was unusually savage. It was tearing the skin off earth, sea and sky. The bare hills behind the fort, with their treacherous gullies, where human bones still rattled, looked as if they were straining away from mother earth like a herd of skinny horses straining at their tether.

It is no use trying to cross from the fort at Kelia, on the European shore, to Chanak on the Asiatic. in that kind of weather. The Turkish *caiques* would be blown to bits before they got half way across. Even a powerful launch would fetch up against the island of Tenedos, and that only if it were lucky.

From Kelia you could hardly see Chanak at all. The Turkish town was screened by a grey spume. Besides, it was growing dusk. A terrified jackal above the valley of Kelia had already begun its nightly wail, pitched a note higher than the wind.

John Rawlins pushed on against the storm, in the direction of the fort. It was like pushing against a door with someone on the other side trying to keep it closed. The provisions he had bought in Kilid Bahr were clasped tightly to his side. He was saying over and over to himself, his even white teeth gleaming out of the sullen darkness of his face:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary. How does your garden grow?"

He broke off and laughed.

"Not so simple as that, are you, Mary? Not exactly the nursery rhyme type . . . '*La belle dame sans merci Hath thee in thrall.*' That's more like it!"

He rested for a moment against a twisted oak tree. Grasped between the exposed roots of the oak was a turbanned gravestone. On the other side, the road was crumbling bit by bit into the sea, which swirled along about twenty feet below.

Rawlins patted the gravestone with his gloved hand.

"Merry Christmas, old man," he said. "If you feel at a loose end tonight, drop in. The company ought to suit you."

He moved off along the road, grinning into the wind. Spume from the racing sea was cast into his face. He tasted the salt on his tongue. The light at Nagara Point, on the other side, had begun to flash. It spat out across the smashed surface of the sea as if its quick, red streaks snarled the message: Keep off! Keep off!

He entered the fort by the arched gateway, clasping his parcels tightly and bending his head to the wind. The wind eddied and screamed through the bare courtyard. Tiles, dislodged from the roof, lay about on the hard mud floor. Still and expectant the fort seemed, still and brooding in a world that was rushing by like a pack of maddened wolves, their tails making a whining hiss as they streaked by the white, motionless walls. (*Continued on page* 36)

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★ ★ A CHRISTMAS NIGHT ★ ★

(*Continued from page 34*)

It was a big fort, rectangular in shape, with room for a garrison of 2,000 men and stabling for a hundred horses. The garrison quarters rose from the centre of the rectangle, their top windows looking out to the sea on one side and to the bleak central ridge of the Peninsula on the other. The stables were at the rear, built against the stout walls.

The fort had been occupied in 1919 by two members of a British Military mission, and their servants and interpreters. The two members were Captain John Rawlins and Lieutenant Cyril Desmond. In this fort they had spent Christmas Day, 1919, and eaten a Christmas dinner prepared by Rawlins' servant, Meakin. Colonel Legros from the French Senegalese garrison at Kilid Bahr had been their guest.

Six years later Desmond had been killed on the Indian North-West Frontier. Legros had died in Algeria of alcoholic poisoning.

In the summer of 1924 Rawlins with his wife Mary, a sister of Cyril Desmond, spent their honeymoon on a Mediterranean cruise. The steamer had called at Gallipoli and Rawlins had taken his wife to see the lonely fort in which he had spent nearly eighteen months.

"I think you have quite an affection for this place, John," Mary had said.

"I suppose I have, darling. Gets into the blood you know, the loneliness, the queer, stark beauty of the place. If a fellow were dead beat—you know, sick of the world, and that sort of thing, this would be an ideal spot to skulk in."

They had both laughed, and, being lovers, had squeezed each other's hand.

The incident now recurred to Rawlins' mind as he crossed the big court. He lifted his head and laughed into the wind, almost dropping one of his parcels. It was a wild, unnatural laugh, appropriate to the screaming fury of the night.

A light suddenly appeared in one of the windows of the fort. Rawlins looked about him and realised that it was night. The darkness had come with an uncanny swiftness—as if it had suddenly been dropped down upon the fort out of the wind's high madness. All he could see was the puff of yellow light in the window. It intensified the remoteness of the place—a desert of darkness and wind and sea moaning: lonely as the black pit of sky above.

The howl of the jackal had now been taken up by the whole pack. They were coming closer to the fort, driven down by their hunger, and by the terror of the storm. It was said by the few peasants of the neighbourhood that the pack was led by a huge red wolf.

As Rawlins approached the quarters, the door in the centre was swung open. Meakin stood, with a lighted hurricane lantern in his hand, holding the door against the wind. Rawlins staggered through. Together they closed the door against the storm and then moved off to the big room from which the light shone. Rawlins' footsteps echoed queerly on the stone floor of the corridor.

"Wot a night, sir!" ventured Meakin timidly.

"Here! See what you can make of this," came the answer.

Entering the bare, lighted room, in which an open fire blazed, Rawlins threw his parcels on the deal table which stood in the centre.

"Give me a drink of that Greek stuff first," he added. The "Greek stuff" was a highly concentrated spirit distilled by the Greeks and known as *douzico*. It tasted something like *pernod*, and had a curiously lasting effect. After a night of heavy *douzico* drinking you can keep drunk for days merely by drinking water. But the drunkenness created has more the symptoms of a drug than of alcohol.

"You had better have one, too, Meakin. After all, it is Christmas."

"Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do," said Meakin, delighted by so much friendliness after forty-eight hours' of sullen bad temper. At the slightest sign of sympathy Meakin always wanted to talk. It seemed to be his way of showing that the sympathy had not been wasted on him.

"It's been bloomin' cold to-day, sir," he continued, "and as you say, sir, it's Christmas, though it don't look like it, I must say. An' it don't feel much like it either, if I may say so, sir, 'ere among these bloomin' 'eathens. An' wot with the wind an' the darkness, so to speak, sir, all boxed up inside this 'ere fort. An' them Turkish drums—why, even in this wind you can 'ear the drums—they get underneath it, (*Continued on page* 38)

BOB AND JOCK

From the painting by Evelyn Watherston, exhibited at the Suffolk Street Galleries, 1937

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A CHRISTMAS NIGHT

(*Continued from page 36*)

tummtety-tum-tum-tum, tummtety-tum-tum-tum. An' God knows where they come from, sir, with no village or 'abitation so to speak, sir, within seven miles. Fair gets on my nerves it does. Gawd ! Excuse me, sir, but I must say I'd like to see a good ole English Christmas, sir—a good ole English Christmas dinner, crackers an' funny 'ats an' all. Gawd ! Wouldn't I, now ? Like you used to give in the ole days, sir, you and madam, Mrs. Rawlins, sir. . . . I'm sorry, sir. Slip of the tongue, sir . . ."

Rawlins said nothing. Over the top of his glass of *douzico* he watched Meakin with narrowed eyes. Rawlins looked as if he were half drunk, or desperate.

Meakin stood in a kind of fascination. He had small, rather humorous eyes, that puffed out when he was terrified. His face was deeply wrinkled, but the wrinkles used to hang loose, as it were, and in moments of stress to drop to the bottom of his face where they joined his colourless, unhappy lips. On such occasions his face bore a grotesquely pathetic expression.

He knew that in mentioning Mary Rawlins' name he had blundered on the forbidden: and stood now awaiting his master's almost maniacal fury. He shuddered as the wind howled outside and a gust of air, coming through a crack in the window, almost blew out the light of the kerosene lamp. He was thinking to himself : Christmas night in a God-forsaken Turkish fort, jackals howling, drums beating, and the guv'nor gone clean off his head ! A nice look out !

Instead of bursting into a temper, Rawlins pointed to the table, and said sharply.

"Get that food cooked. There are two chickens, some tinned stuff and a kilo of flour. Have dinner for three prepared within the hour."

Meakin's mouth opened still wider. He was thankful to have got off so lightly, but was puzzled by the order Rawlins had just given him.

"Three, sir ?" he said.

"I said three, and get a move on. Don't stand looking as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ghost, sir ?"

"Yes, blast you, ghost ! You'll see some ghosts all right." Rawlins laughed. He poured himself a second glass of *douzico* and gulped it down.

"Two of 'em, Meakin. That'll be a new experience for you. Remember Lieutenant Desmond ?"

"Of course I do, sir. Poor Mr. Desmond. He was killed in India, wasn't he, sir ?"

"He was. And do you remember Colonel Legros ?"

"Yes, sir, I do. A Frenchie wasn't he, sir. He 'ad Christmas dinner with you and Mr. Desmond when we was 'ere just after the war. He's dead, too, isn't he. sir ? "

"Absolutely dead, Meakin. Well, the ghosts of Lieutenant Desmond and Colonel Legros are dining with me to-night. See you put up a good dinner."

Meakins shuffled his feet. Then, all at once, he smiled. All up one side of his face. The wrinkles fled from his mouth to his left eye and ear. His mouth, too, turned in that direction. He looked something like an amused dog with one ear cocked.

"You're joking. sir," he said. "You're not really serious, are you ? Won't you perhaps lie down for a while, sir, and 'ave a rest."

Rawlins' face suddenly flashed with fury.

"Are you trying to tell me I'm drunk, or mad ?" he shouted. "Get out, you idiot ! And have that dinner ready for three within an hour or I'll chuck you to the jackals. Do you hear ?"

Meakin hastily gathered the parcels from the table.

"Yes, sir, of course, sir. Dinner for three, sir. Lieutenant Desmond and Colonel Legros, sir. Very good, sir."

With his short legs trembling, he shuffled out of the room, and into the makeshift kitchen.

Rawlins remained by the fire. He drew a chair up and sat down, staring into the blazing wood. This queer idea of his, that the ghosts of Desmond and Legros would join him to-night for dinner, had come on Christmas eve. He had been on the other side, at Chanak, in a secretive little Greek café, drinking *douzico*. He had felt the need of *douzico*. His courage had begun to fail. He had felt that he was losing grip of himself. He had even grown weary of the loneliness he had sought so passionately during the past four years. A successful and popular officer during the war, he had resigned from the army in 1921 and returned to the profession of law, for which he had been trained at Oxford and the Inner Temple. He had risen to success at the bar with amazing rapidity, and had become one of the most popular men in London society.

Four years ago he had disappeared completely from London life, dropping a big case, the handling of which would have put him definitely among the three or four leading barristers of the country, confirming his fame and assuring him a career which might easily lead to one of the highest positions in the land.

Suddenly, from one of the greatest of London successes he had become one of the most baffling of London's mysteries. Only three people knew why John Rawlins, with scarcely a word of warning, had vanished from the life in which he had become such a conspicuous ornament. Those three people were himself, his wife Mary, and a friend, Eric Lodge.

Since that time he had never once returned to London. Accompanied by his servant, Meakin, he had been wandering among the remote parts of the earth for four years. He had come at last to the lonely Turkish fort where he had once lived for over a year with Cyril Desmond. Cyril Desmond was Mary's brother. The two had gone through the war together, and were the closest of friends. . . .

There were moments—stabbing, anguished moments—when he knew that his judgment four years ago had been too hasty: that the cold frenzy that had overwhelmed him that night, when he returned unexpectedly from the provinces to his home in Chelsea and found his wife in the arms of Eric, had distorted his judgment. Was there an explanation of that scene ?

He had not waited to hear it. Afterwards, Mary and Eric Lodge had made attempts to get in touch with him: but they might as well have tried to get in touch with the dead.

In the bar at Chanak he had kept saying to himself :

"I am dead, anyway. John Rawlins died four (*Continued on page* 40)

A happy Christmas reflection

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VIOLET, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND IN HER DRAWING-ROOM

From the painting by Marjory V. Watherston, exhibited at the Suffolk Street Galleries, 1937

A CHRISTMAS NIGHT

(*Continued from page 38*)

years ago. I'm something wandering about with the same label attached to it; but I'm not John Rawlins; he's dead." He had laughed as he said it, and had swallowed his fifth glass of *douzico*.

He had called George Pazakos, the barman.

"George," he had said, his voice thick, and his eyes half closed, "George, if I'm dead, there's nothing to stop me meeting my old friends, who are also dead, is there, now?"

Pazakos had laughed, and had backed away in sudden fear as Rawlins opened his eyes and fixed the Greek with the stare of a man not very far from madness.

John Rawlins had been thinking that out, in his fuddled brain, the whole of Christmas Eve. If he were dead, why should he not be able to have Christmas dinner with Cyril Desmond and old Colonel Legros, exactly as at Christmas, 1919? It was no use saying he was not dead. He was just as dead as they; and the more *douzico* he drank, the more he felt sure of it. After all, if man were made of body and soul, and the soul departed, he became dead, quite dead, that was obvious; and his soul had departed four years ago. His body kept shuffling on like a chicken after its head has been cut off, or a snake with a severed tail. Yes, he was dead all right; and that being so, he would summon Desmond and Legros to Christmas dinner. They would come. Somehow, he had felt them about the fort for some weeks now. They were not far away. They would come from wherever they were, heaven or hell. He had begun to feel so devilish lonely. He needed someone. And, besides, he wanted to see what Cyril Desmond thought of his sister Mary now. It would be amusing to tell the ghost of his wife's brother the story of the betrayal. Cyril had been as big a fool as he was. Rawlins had worshipped Mary as his wife, Cyril Desmond had worshipped her as his sister. What fools they had both been!

As for Legros, the old Colonel knew so much about women that it would be interesting to hear what he had to say.

Here, in this very room, thirteen years ago, the three of them had eaten Christmas dinner. Desmond had said to Rawlins:

"When we get back I want you to meet my people—got an awfully nice sister, you know . . ."

The wind from the crack in the window had blown out the flame of the kerosene lamp in the room where John Rawlins sat. Except for the glow from the fire, the room was in darkness. The wind outside had died down a little. It was less tumultous, and whimpered rather than howled. The cry of the jackals was nearer and shriller, the moan of the sea less urgent, but more fearful, like a man dying in pain, who suddenly realises that the end is near and it is no use struggling. The Turkish drums seemed to beat from under the black darkness, from under the earth and sea.

Rawlins sat motionless by the fire. Suddenly he jerked his head up as if listening. He remained thus for about five minutes. Then he made an impatient gesture and called for Meakin. The frightened servant came shuffling in.

"Yes, sir, what is it, sir? Are you all right, sir?"

"Of course, I'm all right. Don't you hear the bell at the gate?" Meakin jerked his head to one side and put his hand to his ear. "Well?" said Rawlins. "Are you deaf? Run quickly and open the gate." By this time Meakin had realised that the only thing to do was to humour his master.

He ran out of the room, took a lighted hurricane lantern from the wall of the corridor and went outside, crossing the dark, murmurous courtyard to the arched gateway. With some difficulty he got the gate open and lifted his lantern to the darkness. Then he closed the gate and hurried back, running over the courtyard as if he were being pursued by some nameless demon.

As he entered the door of the room where Rawlins sat, he stood for some minutes, undecided. He saw his master rise from the chair by the fire and approach the door.

"Hullo, Desmond, hullo, Legros!" said Rawlins, out of the semi-darkness of the room. "I'm damned glad you came. You must be cold. Come by the fire. You needn't make a light, Meakin. The damn' thing will only blow out again and Colonel Legros and Mr. Desmond don't need light. Do you? No, I thought not."

Meakin did not move. He was terrified. Suddenly Rawlins turned impatiently to him, where he stood by the door.

"Well, get along, Meakin. The colonel and Mr. Desmond are hungry. So am I. Serve dinner at once."

Meakin drew a deep breath, turned on his heel and went into the kitchen. In a few minutes he returned with three steaming plates of soup.

In the dim light from the fire, he could see Rawlins seated at the head of the table. Covers had been laid on each side of Rawlins, and one at the bottom of the table. As Meakin advanced with the soup he was wondering why he had laid the fourth cover, when Rawlins had clearly said there would be only two ghosts to dinner.

He first served a plate of soup at the place on Rawlins' right, then at the place on his left, and the third in front of Rawlins. Rawlins lifted his spoon and then stood listening.

"Funny," he said, "who can that be? Friend of yours, Desmond? Or yours, Legros? No? Better go and see who it is, Meakin."

"I hear nothing, sir," said Meakin, in a small voice.

"Of course you don't. You seem to have lost your senses to-night. That's the bell at the gate ringing again. Go and see who it is, and be quick about it."

Meakin repeated his visit to the gate. He felt he was living in a kind of nightmare.

"I'll be going potty, too," he muttered.

At the gate he lifted his lantern high and was about to return when all at once he felt as if someone were there.

"Anyone there?" he called in a thin, quavering voice.

There was no answer. All he could hear was the whine of the wind, and the jackals seemed to be at the very walls of the fort. He hurriedly slammed the gate and ran back across the court. Rawlins stared at him as he entered the room.

"Well, who was it?" he asked.

"It . . . it must have been the wind, sir."

"Well, never mind, bring the chicken, and open another bottle of *douzico*. Oh, I say, Meakin, why did you lay a fourth cover?" (*Continued on page 42*)

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★ ★ A CHRISTMAS NIGHT ★ ★

(*Continued from page 40*)

"I don't know, sir, must have been a mistake, sir. Shall I take it away ?"

"Yes, and take away the chair, too."

Meakin walked to the bottom of the table. He made as if to remove the chair. Then he hesitated. He made another attempt, and suddenly leapt back.

"What's the matter, Meakin ?" said Rawlins.

"I . . . I don't know, sir. M-must be my nerves, sir. I'm a bit jumpy. If you don't mind, sir, may I leave the chair where it is ?"

"Yes, leave it, and get on with the dinner."

Every time he entered the room, Meakin gave a scared glance first at his master and then at the empty chair at the bottom of the table, where the glow from the fire hardly reached. Once, as he came to the door he stopped and listened. Rawlins was talking. His voice was thick, and sounded as if he were working himself up into a passion.

"So," he said. "You're both against me, are you. Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! I might have known. You, anyway, Cyril. She's your sister. But I thought you'd have known better, Colonel. You used to know just what there was to women. Has hell changed your experience ? God ! That's funny !

"Oh ! You think I made a mistake do you ? Damn you ! I tell you I saw her there, like any common trollop. What's that ? Who's there ?"

He half rose to his feet.

"Who are you, damn you !" he shouted, staring down the table at the chair which Meakin had been afraid to move. Rawlins looked nervously to his right and then to his left.

"I tell you Desmond, Legros, there's someone there. I tell you there's someone there. Got no right to be there. Hear me ? Got no right to be there ! No right at all !" His voice had risen to a scream.

"Desmond ! Cyril !" he shouted, his hand pushing against the place on his left, where the chair was drawn up to the table and Meakin had carefully placed and removed each course. He turned quickly to the right, his hand feeling out toward the chair as if he were blind.

"Legros ! Colonel Legros !"

He fell back in his chair, his eyes staring to the bottom of the table. Then he seemed to gather himself together again. He half rose, his body lurching across the table, his eyes staring through the gloom to the empty chair which faced him.

"But you're there," he muttered. "The others haven't been here at all. But you're there. Who are you ? You think you can sit there and taunt me, don't you ? Don't you ? Well, you can't, my beauty. Oh ! I know. I've known all along. Mary didn't love him. I tried to make myself believe she did because I hadn't the guts to go back and admit I had been a fool. Three months after I had left her I guessed I had made a big blunder. And that's why I've gone on like this. See ! You think I've been hiding from Mary, don't you ? Well, whoever you are, you're wrong. I've been hiding from myself. He had forced her into his arms. He had caught her unawares, eh ! I know all about it, don't you worry. Eric wrote to me and told me everything, and I'm judge enough of what a man writes or says to know when he tells the truth.

"But it was too late, you, you who sit there trying to taunt me. Too late, understand ? I refused to believe Eric because if I had I would have lost belief in myself.

"Well, it's just about over now. If I'm not mad already, I'm as near as damn it."

He raised his head and laughed. Meakin shivered as he heard the hoarse laughter. He had remained the whole time at the doorway, his mouth open, his little eyes puffed out, his thick, colourless underlip quivering painfully. He held before him a tray containing three cups of coffee, one for Rawlins, and one each for the ghosts of Colonel Legros and Lieutenant Desmond. It was seeping into his mind that the ghosts had departed. Had they ever been there ? Apparently not. Apparently Rawlins was coming round to the same opinion. But what was in the chair at the bottom of the table ? Meakin himself began to believe in ghosts when he went round to that chair at the beginning of the sinister meal he had just served. He had felt the chill of tragedy as he came near it. He still felt it, as he stood there by the door listening to the hideous laughter of his master.

The fire was burning down. The room was almost in utter darkness. The wind whimpered around. There was a sound outside like the cry of a startled bird. The eerie drums sounded more distantly.

Rawlins stopped laughing. He leaned far over the table staring at the chair at the other end.

"Get out !" he cried. "Get out !" He looked about wildly.

Suddenly he thrust his hand in his pocket and drew a revolver. He pointed it to the chair, laughing, meanwhile, like a madman. Meakin dropped the tray with the three cups of coffee to the ground. He felt he had to stop Rawlins from firing at that chair. He was too late. Just as he reached Rawlins' arms the shot rang out. He had, however, pushed the arm which held the revolver, so that the shot went higher than Rawlins intended.

The sound of the shot died away. There was a sudden, curious silence in the room. Meakin thought he heard a sigh from the other end of the room.

Rawlins fell across the table. The revolver had fallen out of his hand. He lay there sobbing.

Meakin succeeded in lighting the kerosene lamp. As the soft light fanned out through the room it seemed to bring a strange sense of peace, a sense of tension ended. Meakin listened. The wind had almost died away. The Turkish drums had ceased. The cry of the jackals was heard now from far in the distance. From the cheap clock on a shelf he saw that it was exactly midnight. Christmas Day was over.

Meakin approached the table. The sobbing had ceased. Rawlins was sitting back in his chair. The mad light had gone out of his eyes. He looked tired and ill: and yet better, more normal, than Meakin had seen him for several years.

"Go away, Meakin," said Rawlins. "Leave me alone, will you ?"

"Very good, sir. I'll be close handy if you want me, sir. Just call. I'll hear you, sir."

When Meakin had gone, Rawlins rose from the table and walked slowly to the other end, standing by the chair at which he had fired the revolver shot. He put his hand on the arm of the chair. It was sticky. He drew his hand up and gazed at it for several seconds. It was red. There had been blood on the arm of the chair. A patch of blood about two or three inches long.

He took a handkerchief and wiped the blood from his hand. Then he wiped the blood from the arm of the chair.

He called Meakin.

"Meakin," he said, "are you hurt anywhere ? You're not bleeding anywhere, are you ?"

"Why, no, sir. Why should I be, sir ?"

"That's all right, Meakin. I didn't think you were. Just wanted to make sure." His voice sounded weary.

"Meakin," he added, "I want you to pack my things. We leave this place first thing in the morning. We shall go to Constantinople and then by air to London. It's probably too late. But I must get back to London as soon as I can."

Rawlins smiled to see the joy that lit up Meakin's face.

"Well, sir, I must say, it's been a 'appy Christmas after all."

Meakin went out of the room, and Rawlins drew a chair to the dying fire.

"O God !" he said, "make it that I have not killed her !"

They had decided not to call a doctor. The wound in Mary Rawlins' shoulder was not a serious one. The housekeeper, who had once been a nurse, had washed it thoroughly and wrapped it in antiseptic bandages. Mary Rawlins had begged her not to call the doctor.

The doctor might have meant complications with the police. He would have wanted to know what she was doing with a revolver, and how it was that she had wounded herself like that. They might even have accused her of attempted suicide.

"Oh, madam," said the kindly housekeeper, "why did you do it, why did you do it ?"

Mary Rawlins smiled.

"I'm glad I missed," she said. "Oh ! So glad !"

The housekeeper gave a final tuck to the bedclothes and walked to the window, where she looked out on the grey gloom of Chelsea.

"Shall I close the window, madam ? They seem to be having Christmas parties all along the street. The noise may disturb you."

"No," said Mary Rawlins, "I like to hear it. Even for me it has been a happy Christmas, after all."

The housekeeper went out, shutting the door softly behind her. Mary Rawlins lay smiling. That night she had been sunk in the deepest pit of misery and despair. The four long years of cruel separation had culminated, on this Christmas night, into an unbearable agony. She had decided to end it.

She smiled drowsily.

"It was John himself who knocked my elbow up," she murmured. "He saved my life. O, John, you're coming back. I know you're coming back."

As she fell asleep, the snow began to fall softly.

OLD YORK

From a water-colour drawing by Kenneth Steel

That pleasant hour before dinner is the moment when Martini matters most . . . when the original Vermouth of rich wine and health-giving herbs gleams a golden welcome and gives cocktails their utmost piquancy . . . when it forms the finest toast to friendship and happy memories . . . when you are content to know that nothing but Martini is good enough for you !

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VERMOUTH

SWEET
416
PER LITRE

DRY
516
PER LITRE

PRODUCT OF MARTINI & ROSSI

A Story Without Words. *by Hailstone*

CHILDREN IN DUTCH ART

(*Continued from page 30*)

kind of pancake. She offers the pancake to a dog, without the slightest intention of surrendering it.

With small modifications, many of these seventeenth-century costumes are still worn in Holland. The patricians, of course, would scorn to deck themselves out in the unhygienic and restrictive dresses of their ancestors: but in the peasant districts of Zeeland, North Holland and Gelderland, the dress to-day is exactly as it was three centuries ago. The Volendam and Marken costumes are, of course, famous: but in many agricultural districts, hardly touched at all by the tourist, the costumes are probably a still more faithful reproduction of the seventeenth-century fashion.

The naturalness which is a feature of Dutch child portraiture in the seventeenth century is lost in the eighteenth. The children become idealised. They are fitted out as baby admirals, cavaliers (there is a fine little cavalier fellow, bowing as if at the court of a Louis, painted by F. Verwilt and hanging in the Rijksmuseum), shepherdesses and the rest. The Dutch character disappears and magnificence and flattery take their places. From this period there are, of course, some very engaging child portraits: but after Rembrandt, Frans Hals and Jan Steen, the children seem lifeless.

The greatest of all Dutch painters of children was probably Frans Hals. No one knew better than he how to make a child laugh or cry or dance or sing. His happy children are surely the happiest children in the world. His portrait of a young musician is a lovely thing. The singing lips, the half-closed eyes, the hand beating time, even the long, white feather waving from his hat, seem to give not only the portrait of a prepossessing youth, but the atmosphere of youthful song and merriment as well. In every one of Hals' portraits of children, the whole atmosphere of childhood is concentrated.

I suppose the Dutch children of to-day are the same as they were in the time of Geertgen tot Sint Jans and later, in the time of Hals and Jan Steen. On the whole, they are rather naughty children. One gets the impression that they could do with a little more smacking and a little less petting. But they are still fine, sturdy children, full of mischief and fun, and with the same nice, round, rosy faces and light blue eyes. But the artists to paint them seem missing. R.E.

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LOCH AWE SHORTBREAD
4/6 per tin

TABLE ★
1/6 per tin (Enamelled tin)

★ A ROMANCE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL ★

(*Continued from page 15*)

their leaders in scarlet, and all armed with bundles of spears, arrows, etc. On my ordering the chronometer and light instruments into the gig, which they mistook for a retreat, they set up a most hideous yell and advanced at full speed. Our party on the reef, consisting of three officers and four seamen, drew up at the gig (about thirty feet from the fixed instrument) and loaded arms. The barge was also hailed and ordered to cover us. The enemy hesitated, halted, and after a few rounds of musketry, retired. About the same instant, a large prahu came suddenly on our left, pulling direct for the barge: but, on discovering her gun, appeared much disconcerted, and hoisted an old Dutch flag in addition to her previously displayed banners. The chief said that he "belonged to Tidona (?) and wished to go to the river north of us." He moved off in that direction, but making a circuit endeavoured to effect a junction with the land party. A shot and congreve rocket were fired over him, but without inducing him to change his course. The object of securing this position astronomically prevented my immediate pursuit, but I perceived that they were retiring in their vessels from the rear of the island. At 3, having disembarked the instruments, I proceeded in the boats to the rear of the island, which appeared deserted. I despatched Mr. Hooper (acting purser) in my gig to set fire shot from their brass guns. One cut away the ramrod of a seaman's musket and indented the barrel. The bottom of the ramrod glancing off imbedded itself under the skin in the neck of one of the marines. Another 1-lb. ball struck the rocket tube which I was directing, glanced off and entered my left thigh, passed out behind and re-entered the right where it imbedded itself. The concussion threw both the tube and myself overboard, but catching hold of the gunwale I was immediately assisted on board by the Assistant Surgeon and Mr. Maryat (Vol. 1st Class). I should have taken possession of and burned these vessels (which were in a sinking state) but five fresh vessels were now advancing and within musket shot. But on examining our magazine we discovered that all our percussion caps were expended and but one round shot remaining for the six-pounder. As the enemy appeared to thicken from different quarters and our superiority of the six-pounder would cease at the first discharge, and the gig had not been seen with the second division, I trusted in the well-tried zeal of Mr. Hooper for the destruction of his prizes and rejoining, particularly as I knew my gig to be much fleeter than any of the prahus.

I therefore directed Lieut. Bough to pull for the ship, from whence an efficient force could be detached to complete this affair satisfactorily. On reaching the ship

WHITE TURKEYS

From the painting by A. Clarence Exhibited in the R.A. exhibition 1937

to the huts and prahus on the beach, and gave chase to the retiring prahus in the barge. Mr. Hooper completed his service in good style, destroying two villages and six prahus, which were hauled up on the beach. We came up with, and captured two prahus just as their crews had escaped to the jungle. They were towed to sea and burned.

Considering it unsafe to remain in the vicinity of this nest of pirates, and having been rejoined by Mr. Hooper with the gig, I pulled about twenty miles to the southward, and shortly after midnight, anchored in a very lonely bay, so far, as I thought, from any molestation.

At 2 a.m., on June 4, we were startled by the sound of gongs and other instruments, and had barely time to clear for action, when five large war prahus were perceived close aboard of us. The vessel of the leader pulling about sixty oars and having about twenty fighting men on the roof decorated at stem and stern with streamers, feathers, etc., was suffered to pass outside of us, when the leader demanded in broken English "who we were;" He was answered that "I was the captain of a British ship of War." He then demanded "Where is your ship?" On my replying "Outside," they commenced their yells, dancing and exhibiting fighting antics, launching spears and endeavouring to get their bow towards us.

No further time was lost in parley. Round and grape were shared between the four leading vessels, within twenty yards, cutting them up awfully. After receiving three rounds each, they made for the shore, and deserted their vessels, No. 5 retreating. During the period that we were engaged getting the three first off the reef, annoyed by their spears and other missiles, No. 4 got remanned and fled.

Leaving Mr. Hooper in charge of the three captures, I pursued Nos. 4 and 5 in the barge: came up with them as they grounded and their crew escaped to the jungle, towed them to sea and set fire to them.

This was about dawn when I noticed a new division of five larger and more fully manned prahus drawn up to intercept my passage to the gig. Fearful of accident to her, I instantly determined on the release of her crew should their capture have been already effected by this division, which was more highly decorated than the first and evidently determined on a more decided resistance.

On our approach the customary yells and antics were furnished, particularly by their chief, who appeared gaily dressed, but the brass six-pounder loaded with round and canister within twenty yards, supported by congreve rockets and musketry soon decided their fate. They reeled, from the escape of the oarsmen on one side, and running up the reef, were deserted. Not, however, before several well directed about 10 a.m., the crew of the barge having been since 2 a.m. on the oars and four hours engaged, Lieut. Heard was sent in command of the second barge (the same crew volunteering), supported by Lieut. Bough in first cutter and Mr. Loney (? Lovey) (acting Master) in the second cutter. Having one long six-pounder and two brass three-pounders besides three congreve rockets and tubes, Lieut. Heard was ordered to "seek for the gig and taking her also under his command, proceed to punish and destroy the remaining prahus, but on no account to land or risk the crew by bush fighting."

By the report of Lieut. Heard, he proceeded to the place where our last action had occurred, where he found about twelve or fourteen prahus (similarly ornamented) hauled in and moored in a creek behind a village then inaccessible by reason of low water, and a reef, which prevented approach within four hundred yards. The boats immediately opened fire on the pirates and endeavoured to destroy them, at least sixty round shot having entered them, besides congreve rockets.

During this operation their fire was returned from an entrenched masked battery in which was mounted one heavy iron gun and several of brass, no doubt withdrawn from the prahus for their defence. Finding nothing further could be done, Lieut. Heard pulled round a peninsula where he expected to find a communication in rear of the village. There he found two small prahus evidently despatch boats, which were towed to sea and burned.

Mr. Hooper in the gig, finding that I did not return by daylight, towed his prizes to sea and burned them. The principal contained arms and gunpowder. She blew up at five intervals. All were armed with swivels and tower muskets. The brass gun of the largest was too heavy to place in the gig. Before setting fire to them, he took a woman and child from them, evidently Papuas, which he landed on the reef. Having communicated with Lieut. Heard, he returned to the ship to report progress, and then rejoined the division under Lieut. Heard. The boats returned at sunset.

I have the honour to enclose a list of the officers employed in each service, and I cannot sufficiently express the high sense I entertain of the zeal displayed by every officer and man engaged on these services.

Then follows recommendations of the officers and men with him and :—

To Lieut. Heard and Mr. Loney I feel deeply indebted for their spirited and earnest volunteer to terminate the affair as I could have wished by the entire destruction of this horde, and for their attention and zeal in conducting this ship since my secession from duty.

Edwd. Belcher, Captain.

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A PICTORIAL COMPETITION: for Old & Young

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion shows the general position and surrounding country of a French town. To complete the picture the various buildings shown in the lower half should be cut out and pasted in their proper positions, in the course of which the background view will be hidden. Some portions overlap others; the whole is based on an actual view, so that the parts fall logically into their positions. Address to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" office, 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to arrive not later than January 11, 1938. The decision of the Editor is in every case final.

Quality Street at Christmas time

Here is a small selection of Caskets and Fancy Boxes filled with "Quality Street"; "Carnival" and other famous Mackintosh Toffees and Chocolates.

Santa Claus: "*This great demand for Mackintosh's 'Quality Street' has simplified my job for me this year.*"

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Here are illustrated just a few of the many delightful Boxes, Caskets and Fancy Tins in which Mackintosh's "Quality Street" and other famous Assortments of Toffees and Chocolates are specially packed for Christmas—you can buy them in all sizes and at all prices.

Complete Illustrated List will be sent on request.

The ideal "*Family* Gift" or *Party* tin is the 5-lb. tin of Mackintosh's "Quality Street." There are many other presentation Tins and Boxes at 4/-, 2/6, 2/- and 1/-.

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after all *every* man wears a shirt . . .

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ADVERTISEMENT OF COTELLA LTD. 14 MOOR LANE LONDON E.C.2

Drawn by Edward Osmond

The brakes of a car squealed outside. A moment later a man entered the charge-room. "Hello, Doc," said Morlant, "anything wrong?"

BLIZZARD

By Frank King

Why Detective-Sergeant Morlant grew suspicious

OFFICIALLY Detective-Sergeant Morlant was off duty. But, as usual, he still hung about the police station, hoping that something would turn up. The grizzled old Scotsman had little interest in life beyond his work, and regarded time spent in eating and sleeping as wasted.

And, indeed, to-night the charge-room at the station was a good deal more inviting than the cold, dreary little combined room which Michael Morlant called home. In addition to the central heating, a huge fire crackled cheerily on the hearth; and the bright light contrasted forcibly with the darkness of the night outside. Through a window Morlant could see that the storm had not abated. The wind roared round the building, driving before it a scurry of snow which piled up rapidly in the streets, deadening all sound of the infrequent traffic.

"A regular blizzard," he muttered, refilling his pipe.

Sergeant Brown, standing at the desk, grunted sleepily. In his private opinion folks who loitered around looking for work when they might be in bed were somehow lacking.

"Just five minutes more," continued Morlant. He glanced at the clock. Both hands were upright. "It's been a slack day, Brown."

He lit his pipe and relaxed in a chair, staring into the fire. Brown's pen scratched lazily as he made his routine entries.

The brakes of a car squealed outside. An increase in the howling of the wind indicated the opening of the door. A moment later a man entered the office, a man just short of middle age, almost buried in a huge overcoat which made his keen alert face look small, almost birdlike.

"Hello, Doc," said Morlant, rising from his chair. "Haven't seen you for days." There was a look of expectation on his dour old features. "Anything wrong?"

Doctor Carter pulled off a wet glove and thrust out his hand.

"By Jove, I'm glad to see you, Sergeant! I hesitated whether to call in. I'm glad I did now."

"Something worrying you?"

"I expect you'll laugh at me. But I am rather worried. I've just been phoning to Howard's place—The Beeches, you know—and in the middle of a conversation with Mrs. Howard, the line went dead."

"Nothing unusual in that, surely, Doc? Heavy snow like this plays the devil with telephones. I'll bet half the lines in Bradleigh are down."

"I daresay you're right. But—look here, Sergeant! Would you mind calling The Beeches yourself?"

"Sure." Morlant crossed to the telephone and tried the number Carter gave him. "No. The line's dead right enough. What's all the excitement about, Doc?"

Carter hesitated.

"Howard told me not to mention it to anyone," he confessed. "But—well, I don't like it, Sergeant. You'll know, of course, the work he's been doing for the insurance companies in rooting out these fire-raisers?"

Morlant nodded.

"You'll understand, too," Carter went on slowly, "that all this hasn't been done without making some enemies. He's had threatening letters."

Morlant's face lighted up with interest.

"Why didn't he hand 'em over to us?" he asked.

"He didn't believe in them. He thought they were bluff. I thought so, too—until to-night."

"What happened to-night?"

"Well, he's been out of town for a week, and returned home this afternoon in a pretty rotten condition. His wife asked me to see him, and I found him in a state almost of nervous exhaustion. He'd been working far too hard and I told him he'd have to take a rest. He wouldn't hear of it—said that his work was just nearing completion, that he was on the verge of rounding up the master mind behind these faked fires. And while I was there, the postman brought a letter. It contained only the words: 'You have less than twenty-four hours.'"

"That sounds like business," muttered Morlant, listening intently.

"That's what I thought," admitted Carter uneasily. "But the thing that worried me most about it was the fact that it had been posted in Bradleigh. The others had come from London or Leeds. It seemed to me that somebody was—well, actually on the job."

"Did you tell Howard so?"

"No. But I did try to persuade him to show the letter to the police. He wouldn't hear of it; said it was all bunkum. I put him to bed and prescribed a tonic. I visited The Beeches again this evening—he's an old friend of mine, you know—and sat chatting with him for a while. I could see that he was restless and excitable, unlikely to sleep, so I gave him a sleeping draught. He was just dropping off when I left at eleven. I'd promised to ring Mrs. Howard as soon as I got home—it's such a beastly night that she'd wanted me to stay at The Beeches—and just as I was asking if he'd settled the line went dead. I thought again about that threatening letter, and I—well, it immediately occurred to me that the wires had been cut."

"You mean that someone was intending to break into the place?"

"That's what I thought. I expect you'll think I'm a fool, but I decided to run back to The Beeches at once and satisfy myself. Passing here, I wondered whether you were anywhere about, and whether you——"

"Well?"

"Well, whether you'd think it worth while coming out with me." Carter laughed uneasily. "It sounds a ridiculous request. Still, if that telephone has been cut, we might be in time to stop any dirty work, mightn't we?"

"Sure!" Morlant knocked out his pipe. "I was just going home. I'll come along with you with pleasure."

"That's awfully decent of you, Sergeant. It will relieve my mind a lot."

The snow was falling so thickly that the car parked at the kerb was invisible from the door of the police station.

"Shades of Bruce, what a night!" said Morlant, buttoning his coat collar. "It's going to take some time to get out to The Beeches."

"Took me nearly half an hour to drive from there to Carisbrook Park," agreed Carter, slipping behind the wheel.

Morlant sat silent as the car slowly moved away through the blizzard. There was no doubt about Doctor Carter's perturbation. A man wouldn't turn out on a night like this for nothing.

Perhaps there might be something in his fears. The grizzled old Scotsman thrilled a little at the thought.

(*Continued on page 52*)

EDENTON

(*Continued from page 19*)

inherited from his uncle a vast library of books, pamphlets, broadsides, posters, letters, official and quasi-official documents, representing his chief interest in his life. Court was forced to suspend while I was in Edenton, because Mr. Dixon was busy persuading me to return to Edenton long enough, at least, to write some of the chapters in the history of this most engaging community.

If the ladies of Leonello's court in Ferrara, clad in pastel gowns and accompanied by lutes, moved across dewy lawns on which there were no mosquitoes and no fevers, their situation was no more ideal than the one apparent on the face of Edenton. Yet back of this Fragonard setting, as I have suggested, there is a history, dark, furious, and bloody. To begin with, North Carolina became the stamping ground for all of the rogues in the colonies. And "rogue" is a mild name. "Cut-throats" would be more accurate. At Bath, North Carolina, some 60 miles from Edenton, Blackbeard lay in wait, and preyed upon vessels coming in and out of Edenton harbour. It was his boast that he gave no quarter and asked none. This was not strictly true. In the case of the prize that led to his downfall and death, it does not appear that he killed any of his victims after the battles were over. Having seized two French ships, he placed both crews aboard one of them, and set her adrift. Both cargoes he brought to Edenton in the other ship.

The difficulties which he was now encountering, however, were manifold. Piracy had become so common that the law-abiding colonists were determined upon action. Furthermore, Teach claimed that the ship he brought in with him was a wreck he had found abandoned at sea. But it was a tight ship. To make matters worse, he made a present of part of the cargo, the highly valued loaf sugar, to Sir Charles Eden, the royal governor: and this was discovered. Three naval vessels were dispatched to take Blackbeard dead or alive, and he was wounded and then beheaded in the battle that ensued. Aboard Blackbeard's ship was found a letter of recent date, to Blackbeard from Tobias Knight, Governor Eden's secretary, which seemed to involve the governor.

It was all very disturbing, and matters were not pressed against the governor, and to-day the body of Sir Charles Eden reposes in a respectable grave in St. Paul's churchyard in Edenton. The townspeople of to-day are divided between those who prefer to discount the evidence against Eden in order to save his reputation and those who are frankly of the opinion that he did connive at and profit from Blackbeard's depredations. If he was guilty, he was not more guilty than many another colonial governor of the same period. Quarry of South Carolina and Fletcher of New York were both cited in similar connections, and at one time pirates could dispose of their prizes in Boston with no difficulty at all. It was the connivance of public officials that helped to give piracy its long life on the Atlantic coast of North America.

"We want our dinner—we want our dinner"—a Pelican study at the Zoo.

A ROMANCE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

(*Continued from page 15*)

This, however, was not to be. The *Samarang* was diverted for service on the coast of Borneo, the Philippines and Formosa, with Singapore as her base. During this period, until 1847, when he returned to England, Belcher had many stirring experiences with natives and pirates in the course of his surveying duties, one of which, the encounter with Malay pirates in 1844, is here dealt with in detail.

After his return to England he published "Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. *Samarang*" in two volumes, and in 1852 was appointed to the command of an expedition to the Arctic in search of Sir John Franklin. "The appointment was an unfortunate one," says the writer in the "Dictionary of National Biography," "for Belcher, though an able and experienced surveyor, had neither the temper nor the tact necessary for a commanding officer under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Perhaps no officer of equal ability has ever succeeded in inspiring so much personal dislike, and the customary exercise of his authority did not make Arctic service less trying. Nor did any happy success make amends for much discomfort and annoyance; and his expedition is distinguished from all other Arctic expeditions as the one in which the commanding officer showed an undue haste to abandon his ships when in difficulties, and in which one of the ships so abandoned rescued herself from the ice, and was picked up floating freely in the open Atlantic." It is commonly asserted that Belcher had a mutiny on every vessel which he commanded. Belcher himself told the story in a work published in 1855 with the title of "The Last of the Arctic Voyages." Belcher was never employed again, although in due course of seniority he attained his flag February 11, 1861, became vice-admiral April 2, 1866, and admiral October 20, 1872. He passed the remaining years of his life in literary and scientific pursuits and died March 18, 1877.

BLIZZARD

(*Continued from page 51*)

The detective had heard a good deal about Benjamin Howard, who had already been successful in rounding up one gang of fire-raisers. Ticklish work, this—not the kind of thing in which ordinary police methods were effective. It was quite likely that Howard had, indeed, made powerful enemies. And though the police were as yet not directly concerned in the matter, Morlant had heard rumours that further revelations, affecting a very well-known man, were on the way.

"Did Howard tell you anything about what he was doing?" he asked suddenly.

Carter, peering through the windscreen with strained attention, nodded.

"He did tell me one or two things, Sergeant. But—well, it was in strictest confidence, you know."

"Sure," agreed Morlant, lapsing into silence again.

It was not a pleasant journey to The Beeches. Though the distance was only about four miles, it seemed that the car would never cover it. The engine, apparently, was not pulling its best, causing frequent changes of gear. The blinding snow settled on the windscreen in spite of the wiper, so that Carter had to stop frequently to remove it. The dancing whirling flakes reflected the light from the headlamps with such dazzling brilliance that visibility was practically non-existent beyond the bonnet. The road itself could only be distinguished because of the hedges on each side of it.

Eventually, however, they reached The Beeches, and after some difficulty managed to manœuvre the car into the drive. They crawled up this in first gear, ploughing through the virgin snow, and pulled up near the front door of the house, glad to reach its comparative shelter.

"No sign of anyone about," muttered Morlant, surveying the unbroken white expanse. "But there's enough snow falling to cover up anyone's tracks within five minutes. What are you going to do now? Ring the bell?"

"I think so," replied Carter. "I'll feel a fool for arousing the house if everything's all right. But I shan't be content until I know."

He found the bell and pressed it. Faintly, through the howling of the wind, they could hear it ringing somewhere inside the house. It was not long before a light sprang up in the hall and a feminine voice called:

"Who's there?"

"It's me—Doctor Carter."

"Oh, just a minute."

A key grated in the lock and the door was opened by a charming girl with a dressing-gown flung hastily over her pyjamas. She looked at the two men in surprise.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Howard," said Carter. "But I just wanted to be sure that all is well with Ben. This is Detective-Sergeant Morlant."

The sleepiness vanished from the girl's eyes, replaced by sudden alarm.

"Why, whatever's the matter, Doctor? Come in, please."

They entered a comfortably furnished hall. Carter closed the door.

"I hope there's nothing," he said. "But I was worried about that telephone. Is your husband all right?"

"I—I suppose so. What makes you think—— He was just going off to sleep when you left."

"Have you seen him since, madam?" asked Morlant.

"No. I didn't want to disturb him. After you'd telephoned, Doctor, I did go to his room, but he'd locked the door."

"Locked the door?" Morlant glanced at Carter with raised eyebrows. "Hadn't you better waken him, Doc?"

"I think so," replied Carter uneasily.

"Oh, do tell me what's the matter," cried Patricia Howard, her cheeks paling.

Doctor Carter laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Will you wait here with Sergeant Morlant," he asked, "while I waken Ben?"

She nodded, her frightened eyes watching him as he ran up the stairs.

They heard his knocking, which echoed in a thunderous crescendo through the silent house. In a few moments he was back.

"There's no—— He won't reply," he faltered.

"You gave him a sleeping——"

"I know. That wouldn't send him off so deeply."

Michael Morlant took charge of the situation.

"Doctor Carter thinks some harm may have come to your husband, Mrs. Howard. Have we your permission to break the door open?"

"Of course, if you think it's necessary. But —"

"Wait here, please. We won't be long."

It was a passion of Michael Morlant's to verify every little detail, however unimportant, in any case with which he was connected. He was never ready to accept any statement without proof, never satisfied until every factor was adequately corroborated. This passion for verification had earned for him the nickname of Meticulous Michael amongst his colleagues.

And so, when Doctor Carter stopped outside a bedroom door, the detective stooped and applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Yes," he muttered. "The key's inside all right. Come on, Doc! One two—three——"

The lock gave way, precipitating them into the room. Morlant found a switch and pressed it. As the light glazed up, they stood for a moment regarding the scene in silence.

The window was open, and beneath it a small pile of driven snow was melting on the carpet. Sprawled across the bed, half covered by the disordered bedclothes, lay the body of Benjamin Howard. The horrible blueness of his face, the staring of his sightless eyes, and the livid bruises on his throat showed only too clearly why the knocking had not roused him.

"You were right, Doc," breathed Morlant, at last. "Take a look at him. Is he dead?"

Carter groped at the cold wrist for a pulse.

"Yes," he said. "He's dead."

Morlant strode to the window. He noticed that a circle of glass had been cut from one of the panes. Thrusting his head out, he saw the dim outline of a snow-covered ladder propped against the wall.

"You'd better tell Mrs. Howard, hadn't you?" he murmured.

"All right." Carter nodded slowly. "It's a rotten job. But I suppose it will have to be done."

He was at the door when Morlant stopped him.

"Just a minute, Doc. Howard's a good deal older than his wife, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Anything wrong between them?"

"I'm sure not."

"I was just wondering why he was sleeping alone here."

"Oh, there's nothing in that. It was really my suggestion. I thought he was more likely to get a good night's rest if he slept alone."

"I see. All right. Carry on."

When the doctor had gone, Morlant replaced the door which had been burst from its hinges, and stood looking thoughtfully round the room. After gazing until every detail was photographed on his brain, he set to work and made a thorough examination. He found nothing that gave him any clue to the identity of the murderer who had climbed in through the window and strangled Benjamin Howard.

He went downstairs. Doctor Carter had taken Mrs. Howard into the lounge and switched on a radiator. The girl was crying quietly, but showed no sign of the hysteria which might have been expected after so (*Continued on page 58*)

This England . . .

Stour Valley, Durweston—Dorset

THE village imposes a stricter discipline than does the town; though you dislike your neighbour you cannot escape him, and so our healthy tolerance is born. There is indeed but one man that is not tolerated for long in a community of Englishmen, and that is the bad craftsman. For the thing well-made is England's pride, and the instinct for it is sure in each one of us—whether for the ship well-built or the barrel well-brewed. As for that last, you have but to taste your Worthington to know within yourself that this—this is born of an ancient craft, brewed as handsomely in this year of grace as ever in "the good old days."

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ISLANDS OF DESPAIR

(Continued from page 11)

Wrecks of the *Invercauld, Spirit of the Dawn, Anjou* and the *Dundonald,* the crews of which all experienced a disastrous lethargy.

won to the shore from the wreck, to be rescued by a passing vessel, drawn to the island by the castaways' signals, and landed at Monte Video a year later. These men were on the island while the *Grafton's* survivors were still there, but were unaware of their presence, and the latter were not seen by the rescuing ship or, of course, they also would have been taken on board. It is impossible to imagine how such a condition could have obtained on such a small island, yet occur it did, beyond doubt, and, to make the extraordinarily remarkable incident more complete, the survivors of the *Invercauld,* wrecked on July 10th, nineteen days before the *Grafton's* left the island, never learnt of the presence of the latter either, although they later discovered in a cave signs of very recent occupation. There could not, of course, have been any look-out maintained, nor could any of the parties have moved much from their camp—and herein lies the mystery—why should men have acted so, especially in such desperate conditions that surely called for every man's best efforts towards extricating themselves from the plight they were in! The question is unanswerable.

The survivors of the *Invercauld* (after sixteen had died, through faint-heartedness, it was said) were taken off by the Portuguese ship *Inliana* on her passage from Brisbane to Callao after being a month and twelve days on the island, living on seals and eggs, with a little edible grass. One of these men returned to lose his life at the island in the wreck of the *General Grant* in 1866.

The tale of this wreck has often been told; the ship was bound home from Melbourne with miners who had made their fortunes at the Victorian El Dorado, and she carried bullion and gold dust to the value of a million pounds. She had for crew the scraping of the goldfields and Melbourne gaols, and the rich cargo tempted their cupidity until a mutiny was planned, and such was impending when the ship struck the rocks in the dead of night and became a total wreck (no ship ever got off after striking the Aucklands). She struck at the entrance to a cave, and the pounding breakers drove her into the interior of the cavern, for her mastheads to strike its roof and force the heels of the masts through the bottom of the ship, which thus became transfixed beyond hope of extrication. The ship soon broke up in the cave, which had no means of egress other than the storm-swept entrance, and but sixteen people, three of them women, out of 303 were saved.

These people escaped the despairing lethargy which had so afflicted former castaways, for they sought for and found the provision depot which had been instituted a year before, following the wreck of the *Invercauld,* by the Victorian gun-boat *Victoria,* under Captain, later Governor, Musgrave, and they fared well, both for food and warm clothing until they were rescued by a whaler, on the day following the consumption of the last of the depot's provisions. Parts of the ship's ironwork are to be seen in the cave to this day. In the year following, the islands were taken over by the New Zealand Government and they established three depots in the group, which they still maintain, replenishing and searching for castaways now once in each year.

Over the period 1870-1890 this humane government's ship rescued crews and passengers from, among others not at this date remembered, the *Daphne, Derry Castle, Kakanin,* and *Compadre.* In 1873 a ship crashed on the islands only three days after the relief ship's visit; this was the *Spirit of the Dawn,* and almost all the crew reached shore alive, to succumb at once to the sinister and fatal lethargy now so characteristic and resign themselves without effort to what undoubtedly seemed their inevitable fate; they never searched for the depots, one of them only a quarter of a mile from the place where they camped, although they knew that such existed. They ate the provisions secured from the wreck, and then lay down to die, within a few yards of plenty (food, and other necessaries, sufficient for twenty men for twenty days on full rations). Three had died, and the remainder were in an advanced state of emaciation, reduced to but skin and bone, when taken off by a ship, which had put in to the isles in a search for water, and later landed at a Chilian nitrate port.

Another tale of tragedy was unfolded in the year 1904: when the relief ship *Tutancki* visited the isles they found in a sheltered cove warm ashes of a fire, other marks of recent habitation, and fresh heel-marks on a strip of sandy beach to show that a boat had been launched there since the time of the previous high water—and that was all; the remainder is mystery to this day, the castaways never won to safety.

In the year following, the very fine French four-masted sailing-ship, *Anjou,* was mysteriously lost here, where she scarcely should have been; she was bound from Newcastle to a Chilian port and her captain had announced his intention of making the passage via the Three Kings, north of New Zealand, as other ships of the year did, yet she went on shore, in some inscrutable manner never explained, here and in the finest of weather. Her crew left the wreck in three well-provisioned lifeboats, to run along the short coastline until they made a sheltered harbour and found one of the depots, half-way up a prominently bare hillside, and here they remained until taken off by the *Tutancki* a month later.

The next known wreck at the sinister isles occurred in 1907, and the story will still be fresh in the minds of newspaper-reading people. The ship was the fine four-masted barque *Dundonald* of Glasgow, 2,000 tons register. She crashed at midnight on March 17, and instantly became a total wreck, twelve of her crew being drowned on the instant, for the seas swept the doomed ship from stem to stern so soon as she struck. Luckily, the masts of the ship soon gave to the onslaught, and, in falling, they formed a bridge to the top of the low cliffs upon which the ship had struck, and along this sixteen men and boys crawled to the safety of the land, which proved to be an outlying islet some three and a half or four miles from Main Island.

The castaways secured some provisions, cast on shore from the wreck as she broke up, and on these, eked out with shell-fish, seabirds and their eggs, penguins, and an occasional seal, they subsisted for four months, using the skins of the seals for clothing. The men early gave way to the characteristic despair and made next to no attempt to preserve their lives; the First Mate was the first to die, and his companions were too lethargic to bury him until long after putrefaction had set in to render the presence of the corpse intolerable.

In July a few of the men, stirred to activity and led by an apprentice, roused to some semblance of life and, aided by the carpenter, constructed a crazy boat of twigs, skins, and wreckage, certainly cunningly lashed and stitched together, making ropes from grass fibres and sails from bird-skins and some of the miserable shreds of clothing still left to them, and in this frail argosy they crossed to Main Island to search for the provision depot, two in fact, which they knew to exist there. There was little real searching done, however, and the coracle returned to the islet on August 9 empty-handed.

Three despairing months passed away, but then the survivors, now reduced to nine, strengthened their crazy boat and, choosing a fine day with a settled appearance of weather, for which they had waited a fortnight, deserted for good their travesty of a refuge and crossed safely to the larger island. Here, at last, they found the depot, and a whaleboat, but, alas, the former was empty. It had been replenished by the *Tutancki* in February, nineteen days prior to the wreck of *Dundonald,* so some shipwrecked crew had, unknown to the castaways four miles distant, been succoured by it, though they had not, apparently, needed the whaleboat. They had not left any record of themselves or their visit and the mystery of this remains to be solved, for nothing was ever subsequently learnt of the visitors; they sailed away to their deaths, when had they remained where they were they would have ultimately been rescued. A strange fatality has throughout permeated all the known history of this elusive group of storm-swept islets. What can it be?

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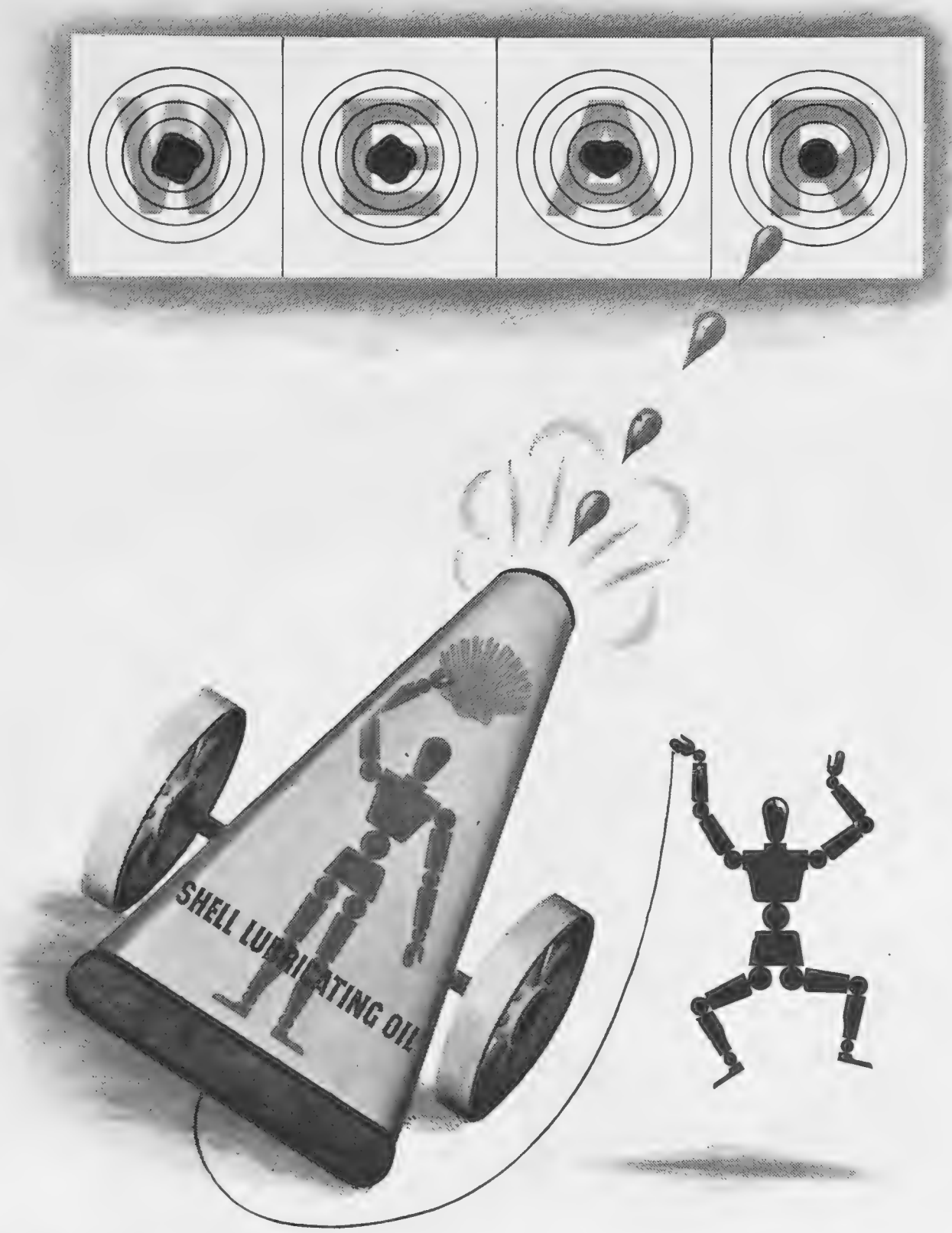

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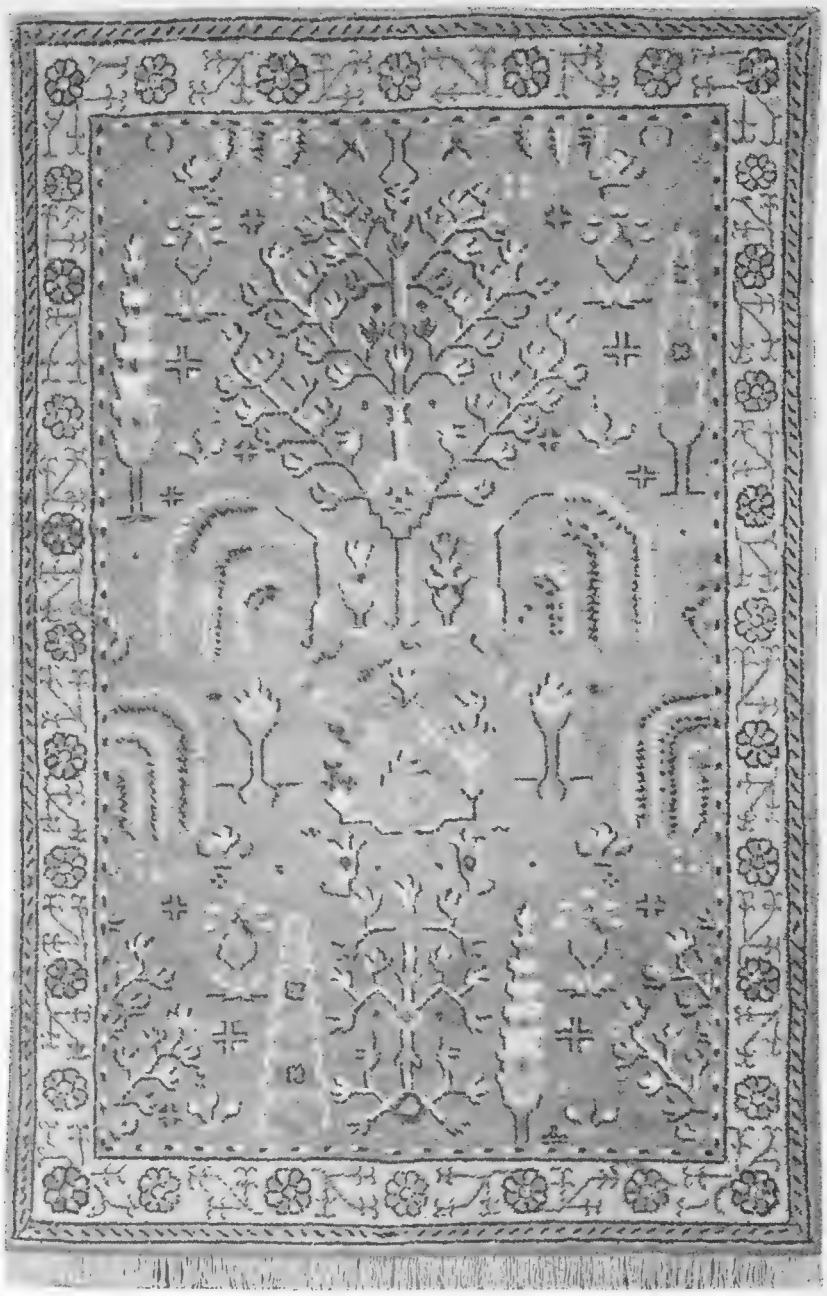

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8	7	×	5	1	Camel	Rose	6	3	6
9	11	×	6	11	Green	Camel	9	11	0
10	1	×	6	11	Camel	Rose	9	14	0
10	1	×	7	10	Rose	Camel	10	19	6
10	6	×	8	10	Blue	Camel	12	18	0
11	0	×	8	11	Rose	Camel	13	13	0
11	2	×	8	1	Camel	Rose	12	11	0
11	10	×	9	10	Rose	Camel	16	4	0
11	11	×	8	0	Green	Camel	13	5	6
12	11	×	10	11	Rose	Camel	19	12	0
13	9	×	9	3	Blue	Camel	17	13	6
13	10	×	11	0	Green	Camel	21	3	6
14	2	×	10	10	Camel	Rose	21	6	6
14	10	×	9	9	Camel	Rose	20	2	0
15	0	×	9	11	Green	Camel	20	14	0
15	10	×	11	1	Camel	Green	24	8	6
16	11	×	10	5	Camel	Green	24	10	0
17	0	×	10	0	Camel	Rose	23	13	0
17	11	×	11	10	Camel	Green	29	10	0

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS of the GREEKS

(*Continued from page 17*)

human form is employed by the shield-painters, but many times the *Silenus* or Satyr, perhaps to impart disgust to an enemy.

Animals are prolific. *The Lion* in sitting, running, springing and raging attitudes is one of the most frequent, and I have the authority of an eminent scholar for the opinion that Miltiades, the victor of Marathon, put the Persian lion on his shield thereafter—perhaps in the boastful spirit of the head-hunters who decorate themselves with the scalps of their victims.

But how did the Lion become British? Thereby hangs a tale which is too long to cramp into a line.

Several fine shields display *panthers* or their heads, one in very heraldic fashion on a shield of Peleus. The finest example of the panther is to be seen at Munich where Ajax bears away the body of the dead Achilles. There is a fine specimen in the British Museum.

THE GORGONEION
On the shield of Perseus

As the art and practice develops all the known animals are recruited as "Signs" for warriors: the bull, the stag, the ram, the goat, the fox, the dog, and naturally the horse: he, the friend of man appears several times cut in two, the front portion on one shield and the hind portion on another. We need not suspect Baron Munchausen of an exploit: it is probably a regimental distinction. Even the mule is not despised.

Birds are everywhere, leading off with the eagle, followed by the cock, the dove, the swan, the owl, and a pair of quails. The element of terror has now vanished from the shields!

HAVING exhausted living creatures, we turn to inanimate objects, first among which is the *Tripod* sacred to Apollo. See how nobly the ghost of Patroclus bears it as he flies over the Greek ships!

The anchor, the amphora, cartwheel, chalice are frequent: thunderbolts, stars, catherine-wheels, and floral designs are often seen.

I reserve my trump card for the last, which I believe is the rule in games I do not play. The multiplication of devices for personal, regimental and national use called for a new system. Single objects were repeated thrice and sometimes oftener: but at length some designer thought of uniting them "à triskele" and so three cocks, three swans, three dolphins were clumsily joined by their tails. The triumph of design was the three legs which give an impression of great speed.

A WINE CUP
In a group with Warrior and Scythian

A classical scholar whose authority I do not usually accept declares that the three legs as shown was the family device of Megacles, the Alcmeonid, who had been ostracized by the city of Athens on account of his tyrannical behaviour. It is almost impossible to resist the belief that we have here a vase painting representing the overthrow of the tyrant by the goddess Athena.

The family found its way to Sicily and there sprouted—if I may use the word—a harvest of three legs. They were everywhere, on monuments, shields and coinage and remained in the island for centuries.

In the Middle Ages the roving Northmen entered the Mediterranean—not for the first time—and took possession of Sicily, holding it for two hundred years. They liked the triskeles so much that they brought it home to their Malta—the Isle of Man. It came to stay, as every week-ender to Ramsey knows.

QUAILS
On a delta shield borne by Silen

THAT is not quite the end of my story. When Stanley, the Earl of Derby became "King of Man," he was permitted to adopt the three-legged device on his shield. His house in Queen Victoria Street, now the Heralds' College, bears this ancient Greek device in its courtyard for all to see, and some will ask whether there are other indications of Greek originals in our British heraldry. On my own authority and by witness of my eyes I can say I have counted casually more than sixty.

I will not enter into the heraldic quarrel about the British Lion and the Norman Kings: I bank on the Bayeux Tapestry which gives Duke William and his warriors the *Wyvery* on a long pear-shaped shield. The creature was well known in Danish seas whence came the Normans: it was probably a walrus or a sea-lion.

Perhaps my readers would care to be reminded that the Wyvern became naturalized with us in Norman times, and recently. The Heralds' College was surely right in thinking the snorting Wyvern, curled of tail, breathing hot air, the nearest thing to Puffing Billy, and so they gave it as a crest to the Midland Railway Company!

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BLIZZARD

(*Continued from page 52*)

sudden a shock. A maid, roused by the disturbance, had just brought in some tea.

Morlant watched the three of them for a moment in silence.

"Listen, Doc," he murmured then. "Will you do me a favour?"

"Anything I can."

"I must let Superintendent Goring know. Will you run back until you come to a 'phone and give him the news? Just tell him I'm here. He'll do everything that's necessary."

"Yes, of course." Carter was trembling a little. It was clear that the shock had affected him. "I'll go at once."

Morlant accompanied him to the door and watched the car disappear down the drive. It was not snowing so hard now. He directed his flashlight above the door, searching for the place where the telephone wires came in. He saw at once where they had been cut and the lead covering bent outwards.

He returned to the lounge, scratching his grey head thoughtfully. Patricia Howard looked up at him with tear-filled eyes.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed. "Why should anyone do this?"

"I want you to tell me a few things, Mrs. Howard," said Morlant gently. "You didn't hear any unusual noises coming from your husband's room?"

"Nothing at all."

"Had he any enemies?"

"I suppose he had. Though he would never admit it."

"Did he tell you anything about some threatening letters he had received?" "No."

"He mentioned them to Doctor Carter."

The girl flushed suddenly. "Doctor Carter was his oldest friend."

"H'm!" Morlant decided to leave the question of the threatening letters until Carter returned. "Will you tell me exactly what has happened this evening, Mrs. Howard? There may be some little incident which will give us a clue."

"I'm afraid there won't. Nothing's happened. Benjamin came home to-day ill. He had a sore throat and was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I painted his throat with iodine and——"

"There's no iodine on his throat now."

"Yes. It was the non-staining kind I used."

"I see. Go on."

"Well, I rang up Doctor Carter. He came at once and said Benjamin ought to go to bed for a few days and have perfect quiet."

Morlant wrote it all carefully down in his notebook.

"It may help us to get the time of the murder fixed," he murmured when she had finished.

"You say your husband was not asleep when Doctor Carter left?"

"No. He was just drowsy and wanted to be left alone."

"What time would this be?"

"It was eleven when the doctor went. I—I asked him to stay the night. The weather was so terrible that I didn't think he'd be able to get back to Carisbrook Park. But he said he must try. He promised to ring through as soon as he got home, so I sat up waiting."

"And what time did he ring?"

"It was a quarter to twelve. I realised when his voice stopped in the middle of a sentence that something had gone wrong with the telephone; but it never occurred to me that—that——"

"I can put myself to bed, Mummy"
(A Christmas Eve camera study)

Patricia broke down, burying her face in her hands. Morlant's dour face looked puzzled as he watched her.

He poured out a cup of tea for himself and sat staring into the glowing radiator. It was time Superintendent Goring was here. Surely Carter couldn't have made any mistake.

Another half-hour elapsed before he heard a car outside. He hurried to the door and admitted Carter and Goring.

The superintendent was a big man, obviously retired from the Army. He had a tendency towards short temper, but was both liked and respected.

"Sorry to have been so long, Sergeant," he said. "But there's been a nasty smash in Carisbrook Park and I went along to have a look at it. I'd only just got back to the station when Doctor Carter 'phoned, and he was good enough to come along for me."

"Anyone hurt?" grunted Morlant.

"Two killed and several injured. There'll be some nasty things said at the inquest. Neither police nor ambulance could be got at. Every telephone line to that area was down before eleven, and the poor devils were left lying out in the storm from a quarter to twelve to a quarter past."

"Shades of Bruce!" said Morlant, scratching his grey head.

"But you've got a worse job here, so the doctor tells me. Some of the boys will be following along. What's been happening, Sergeant?"

Morlant repeated the details of the case. Goring's face grew grim as he listened. After inspecting the corpse and getting the finger-print men and the police surgeon who had just arrived started on their work, he drew Morlant aside.

"What about these threatening letters?" he asked. "Have you seen 'em?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Howard knows nothing about them. I was waiting for Doctor Carter's return."

"Well, let's see what he can tell us about them. Bring him into another room, will you?"

In the library, Carter told again the story of the threatening letters.

"Did he destroy them?" asked Goring.

"I don't know. If he didn't, they'll probably be in his bureau there."

Morlant crossed and tried the lid of the bureau. It was unlocked. Opening it, he searched amongst the papers piled there.

"Here they are, sir, I think," he said, picking up a small packet enclosed in a rubber band.

There were four letters very similar in appearance and tone. They were roughly scrawled in block lettering on cheap notepaper, and warned Benjamin Howard that he would be killed if he persisted in his investigations. Two had been posted in Leeds, two in London. A fifth, on the same notepaper, bore only the words Carter had repeated to Morlant. "You have less than twenty-four hours." And it had been posted in Bradleigh.

"Not the sort of thing a man would take seriously," muttered Goring, "except for this last one. Look here, Carter. I understand Howard told you something about this business?"

"It—it was confidential."

"I know. But in these circumstances, you've got to pass the information along to us. It may make all the difference."

Carter hesitated, his worried eyes searching from the superintendent to the sergeant.

"It wasn't very much," he said at last. "But he told me he hoped to get proof of his suspicions this next week. He said he'd known for some time that one man was behind all these fires, but had never been able to bring anything home to him."

"Well, go on. What was the fellow's name?"

"I don't think I ought——"

(*Continued on page 60*)

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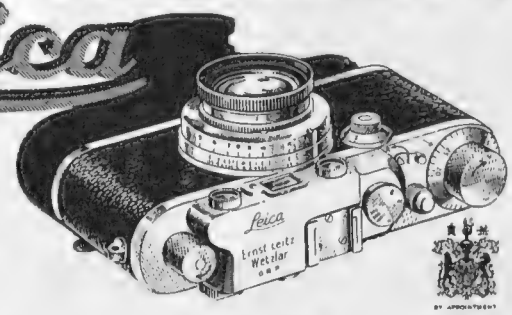

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McCalls PAYSANDU OX-TONGUES

BLIZZARD (*Continued from page 58*)

"Of course you ought."

Carter hesitated again, then shrugged. "It was—Roger Franklin," he said.

"The fire assessor?" "Yes."

Goring whistled softly.

"I've heard rumours," he admitted. "But I didn't believe 'em. Franklin's a big man. Had Howard any papers dealing with the case?"

"I don't know," said Carter. "He said nothing about that."

A search of the bureau disclosed nothing else of importance, and Goring decided that no more could be done in this way until he had been in touch with the insurance companies which employed Howard. He went upstairs again with Carter.

The various experts in the bedroom had completed their jobs. The police surgeon reported that the dead man had unquestionably been strangled. The fingerprint men had been unable to find any prints, and were confident that the murderer had worn gloves. There were vague wet footprints on the carpet, but these offered no information. Nothing more had been found.

"Well, it's a pretty clear case, anyhow," said Goring. "We know approximately the time that Howard was killed. Before climbing in, the murderer cut the telephone to avoid any alarm being given. He didn't waste any time over his job, either, because he was away before Sergeant Morlant and the doctor arrived. It seems to me we'll have to interview Mr. Roger Franklin and see what he can tell us. He'll not have done it himself, of course: but it's pretty evident he instigated it. I think there's no more to be done here at present. Unless Meticulous Michael wants to—" He glanced round the bedroom. "Where is Sergeant Morlant?"

"He went out a few minutes ago, sir," said one of the detectives.

"He'll be verifying something or other," smiled Goring.

He went downstairs accompanied by his men. As they reached the hall, the door opened and Morlant came in. His dour face looked grimmer than ever.

"We're off now, Sergeant," said Goring. "That is, unless——"

"There are just three points," interrupted Morlant, "that I should like to verify."

Goring grunted. He had the highest respect for Meticulous Michael, but there were times when the man was distinctly trying.

"What are they?" he asked. Morlant opened his notebook.

"I'll take them in the order in which they occurred to me," he said slowly. He turned to Doctor Carter, and all expression left his voice. "You told me it was at your suggestion that Howard slept in that bedroom to-night, and that it was arranged this evening—on the spur of the moment, so to speak?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the first point I want clearing up. I've taken a look at the other bedrooms, and there's been no attempt to monkey with the windows of any of them. So far as we can tell, the murderer came straight to that particular room. How did he know Howard was sleeping there?"

There was a moment of tense silence in the hall. Both Carter and Goring looked perplexed. Without waiting for a reply to his question, Morlant continued.

"The second point is even more puzzling still. You rang up here at a quarter to twelve, and Mrs. Howard states that she spoke to you at that time. Yet every wire in the Carisbrook Park district was down at eleven. How did you do it, Doctor? Where did you telephone from?"

Again there was silence. Carter's face had paled a little. Goring's eyes opened wide as he stared at him.

"So far as I can see," Morlant went on, "there's only one explanation of this apparent contradiction. You cut those wires outside the house, Doctor. You attached a portable telephone to the cut ends and spoke to Mrs. Howard with the double purpose of providing yourself with an alibi and of fixing the time at which the murder was supposed to be committed."

"What rubbish!" cried Carter angrily. "That's the wildest——"

"It was a clever scheme," Morlant interrupted calmly. "And would probably have succeeded but for the accident of those wires being down. The storm helped you in one way: it damned you in another. You left the house at eleven and drove a little distance away. Parking your car you returned, knowing well that the snow would immediately cover up your tracks. Getting the ladder from an outhouse, you cut the telephone wires and attached your portable instrument, leaving it underneath a bush until you were ready to use it. You carried the ladder round and climbed up it to Howard's bedroom. He was fast asleep, drugged with the draught you had given him. What noise you made opening the window did not waken him. You locked the door in case of any interruption and strangled him."

"It's a lie!"

"You climbed out again, went back to your telephone and, noting the time, spoke to Mrs. Howard. In the middle of your conversation, you dragged the instrument away and hurried off. You drove like hell straight to the police station and pretended you had just come from home. This was necessary to fix your alibi. You weren't to know that all the wires in the Carisbrook Park district had been down for an hour.

Doctor Carter was trembling a little at the unexpected accusation.

"It's a lie!" he repeated. "You've made it all up. You've no proof——"

"You'll have to do a little better than that, Sergeant," added Goring, watching the two uneasily. "What you say sounds feasible enough, but——"

"I've got the proof," said Morlant. "Here—my third point. I've just found these in the emergency case in Carter's car." He produced a pair of rubber gloves from his pocket. "If you'll look at them closely, sir, you'll see that the fingertips have a kind of bluish bloom on them. Almost like that on a plum."

"Yes, I see," agreed Goring, examining the gloves. "But I don't understand——"

"All rubber gloves are powdered. Makes 'em easier to draw on."

"I know. But——"

"The basis of all these powders is starch. Starch goes blue when brought into contact with iodine."

"That's an old test. But I must say, Sergeant, that I can't follow——"

"Mrs. Howard painted her husband's throat with decolorised iodine this evening. She little knew that she was putting a rope round Doctor Carter's neck at the same time."

"I—I—" Carter's voice was almost a scream. His eyes dilated as he glared at Morlant, and his face twitched convulsively. Quite suddenly he crumpled up, and dropped to the ground without a sound.

. . . . . .

"Yes, he's made a complete confession," said Goring, two days later. "He was crazy about Benjamin Howard's wife—ready to go to any lengths to get her.

"He'd had this business planned for a long time. He deliberately chose the method because there are many subtler ways in which a doctor can murder, and he thought its very crudity would avoid any suspicion attaching to him. He sent those threatening notes himself, posting the last one in Bradleigh because he knew that the storm, just beginning, would give him the opportunity for which he had been waiting. He carried out the whole business just as you described it, throwing the portable telephone into the canal on his way back to Bradleigh. A jolly good piece of work, Sergeant! I'm proud of you!"

The grizzled old Scotsman flushed.

"I—I'm afraid I rather jumped to conclusions, sir," he said.

"You didn't jump in the dark, anyhow. I think we can consider the case closed."

"There's one thing, sir," began Meticulous Michael slowly, "that we ought to——"

"Well?"

"Shouldn't we drag the canal and verify——"

"Yes, I expect we'd better do that. The job's yours, if you want it."

"Thank you, sir."

Detective-Sergeant Morlant saluted and went happily off to complete his case.

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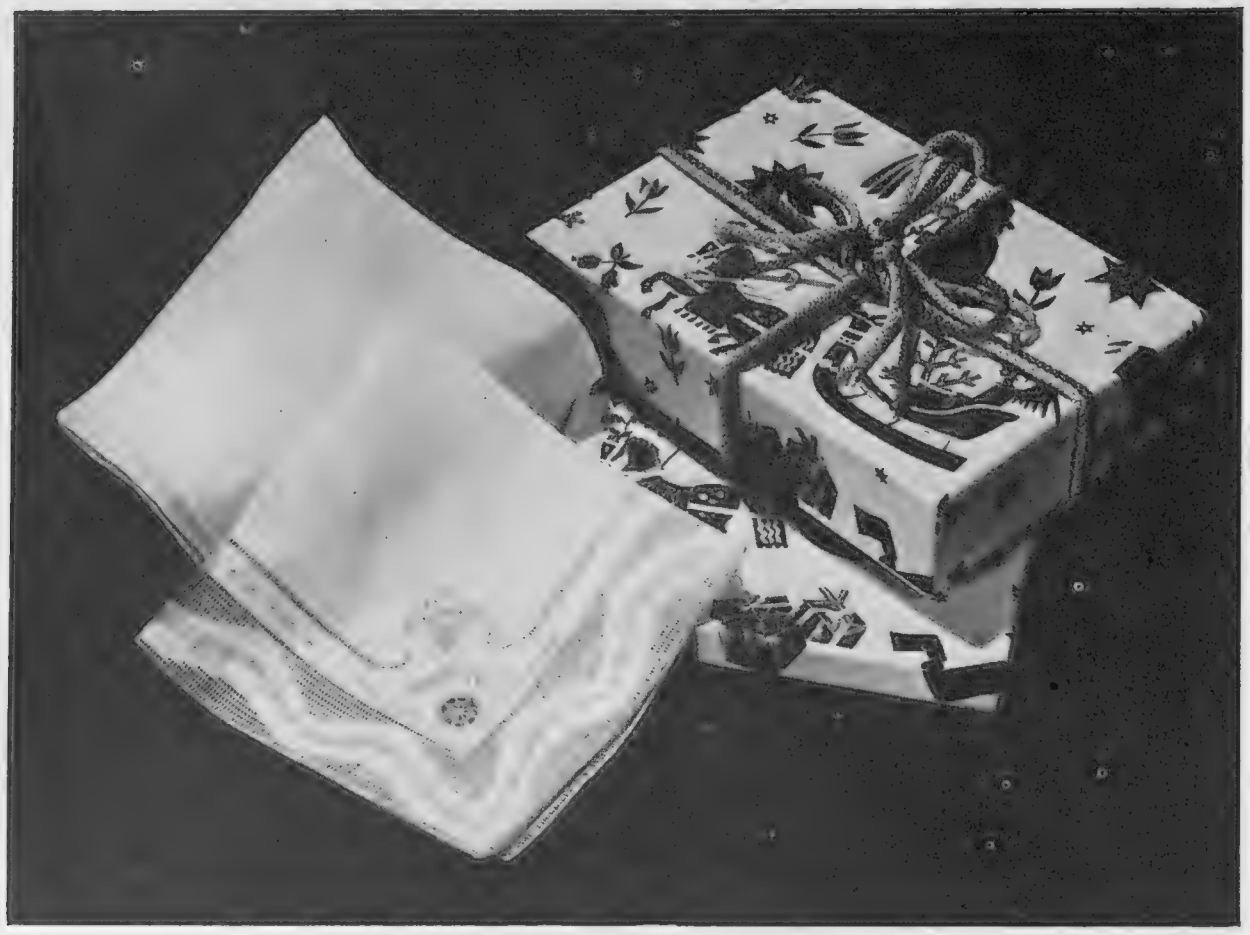

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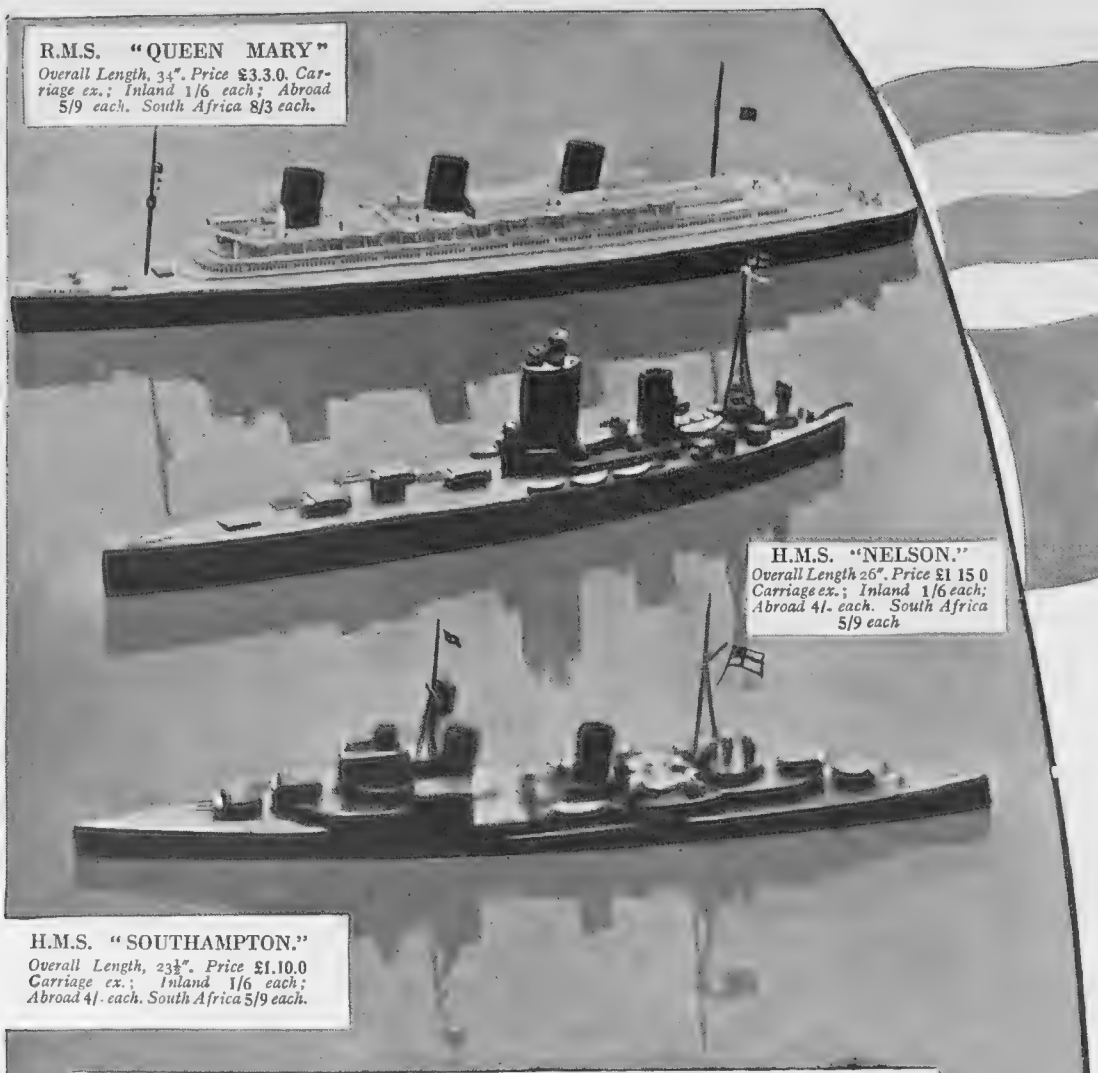

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H.R.H. The Duke of Kent is President of **The Alexandra Orphanage**, which cares for 380 fatherless or motherless boys and girls at the School at Maitland Park, London, N.W., and several scholars there owe their reception to his kindly interest. Children who show ability are given opportunities for secondary education or technical training, and many former scholars have attained influential positions, helping the School to assist the new generation which seeks its help. Each year £10,000 must be raised by voluntary donations, and contributions will be welcomed by the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. James V. Rank, at the offices of the Alexandra Orphanage, 34-40 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

* * *

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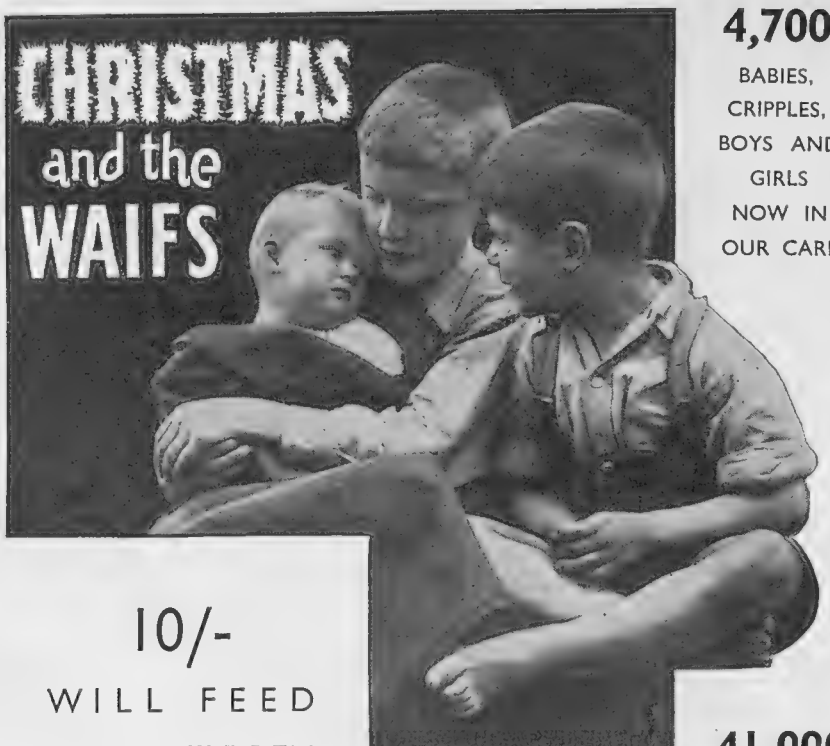

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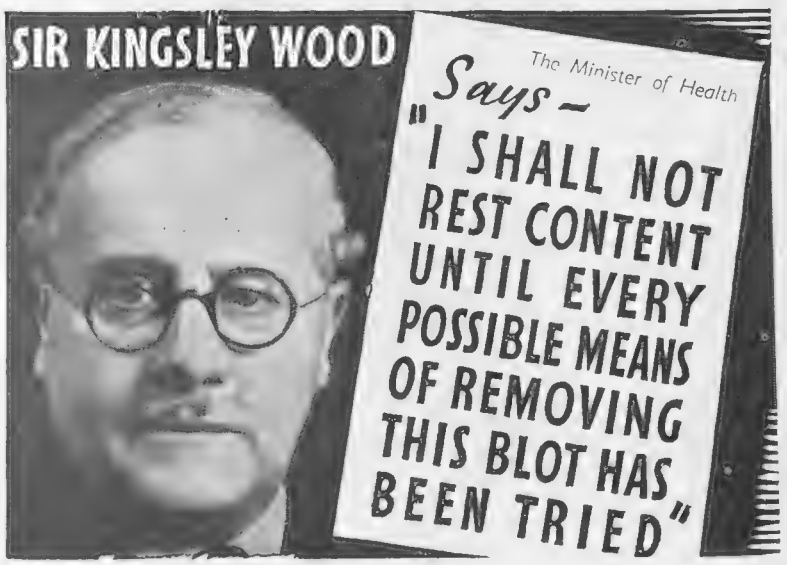

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CHRISTMAS KINDNESS:

(Continued rom page vii

years ago that message was carried out in the heart of London, by another son born of a carpenter and his wife—with results reaching to an extent little known to himself. That son was the Founder of **The Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training Ship,** that old-established society for children, which has trained over 33,000 children, and still trains. A short concise history of that great work is now being issued under the title "Where Dreams Come True." Order a copy now and have it in your home for Christmas. Give your friends a copy for a Christmas gift. The proceeds will help to make "More Dreams Come True" in the lives of other needy children. Price 2s. 6d. per copy (3s. 0d. post paid). Address: 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

* * *

CHRISTMAS for *your* child—for your nephew or niece—means extra happiness, extra fun and toys and games. For Betty, just four years old, it meant nothing. Wanted by nobody, she was passed on from one household to another and never knew what it was to be loved and cared for. On cold winter days she would sit by the fire in the station waiting-room to try to get warm: she had many times been seen begging in the streets for food, but her little timid voice was often not even heard by the hurrying passers-by. Betty will have her first happy Christmas this year—in the care of the **Waifs and Strays Society.** During 1937, more than a thousand needy children have been received by the Society, and many of them have never known a happy home before. The Society's present family is 4,700 babies, cripples, boys and girls—4,700 stockings to fill on Christmas morning, 4,700 Christmas dinners to provide! On an average, three new children come into the Society's Homes every day. From babyhood to manhood they are cared for. The homes are small and are *real* homes, and every child is given individual care. The Society also has hospitals where crippled children can be made strong and well, and Vocational Training Homes where both boys and girls are taught to earn their own living before going out into the world.

* * *

ROYAL NORTHERN—It stands in a district peopled only by the poor and the very poor. We who go about our daily business or our pleasure in the City or West End have probably never seen this hospital, nor even driven in the streets which surround it. But to a million or more people living within the vast area which it serves, it is not merely a hospital, it is *the* hospital. It is the very centre of their existence, the greatest power for good in their daily work and occasional play, and without it they would be helpless, lost. They rely upon *the* hospital for the alleviation of all their so pitiful ills, and this, in plain fact, means that they rely upon *us*. The mind does boggle slightly at the immensity of this responsibility, but once we have accepted it we can bid a smiling farewell to tombstones and begin the earning of that measure of gratitude which posterity holds in store for us. The Royal Northern Hospital needs £350,000 for re-equipment, for maintenance, for the re-opening of forty-three beds now closed, for a thousand and one daily wants. What portion of this burden shall become our responsibility: £65,000 will pay off the maintenance department: £10,000 provide a new bacteriological department: £5,000 will name a ward: £2,200 re-equip the operating theatre: we can endow a bed for £750, and for lesser sums pay yearly egg and coal bills, provide nurses' accommodation, and treat out-patients. No sum is too large or too small for the needs it must meet and go on meeting as long as human beings continue to suffer from mental and bodily ills. If you would like further details of the hospital's more urgent requirements, write for the Illustrated Appeal Booklet to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7. But whatever else you do, let your achievements for this one extraordinary day be greater than your dreams, and let your generosity run wild and free about the corridors and wards and theatre of the Royal Northern Hospital.

ALL SMILES
One of the 4,700 children so wonderfully cared for by the Waifs & Strays Society.

* * *

CANCER is of urgent interest to every one of us. It kills one person in seven over the age of thirty-five. It attacks rich and poor, old and young, and brings suffering and infinite sadness in its train. **The British Empire Cancer Campaign** through its research centres is conducting an energetic attack upon the disease, not only is it trying to discover the cause but it has been extremely successful through research in improving methods of treatment. It can be truly said that the sun never sets upon the battle against cancer, for in the Campaign's branches throughout the Homeland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa the struggle for conquest is being carried on unceasingly, unweariedly, indomitably. The Honorary Treasurer in charge of the War

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

480 Beds
6,410
In Patients

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL
HOLLOWAY LONDON.N.7.

376,744
Out Patient
Attendances

Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary.

Send your gift now to The Rt. Hon. SIR PHILIP SASSOON, Bart., M.P. Hon. Treasurer.

Some Charities Worthy of Your Support

HAPPY DAYS AT JOHN GROOM'S
Well-cared-for children at the Clacton Orphanage, another deserving charity.

Chest (which has become sadly depleted), is anxious that it should be replenished. All contributions will be gratefully received by him at 12 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

* * *

IN the last annual report of **John Groom's Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission,** the Secretary, Mr. Alfred G. Groom, had much of interest to say regarding the progress of this charity in 1935-36. "In the past year," he said, "we have admitted into the Home an additional thirty-three girls, bringing the number under our care to 320—the highest in our history. Of these, 219 are now residents in the Homes at Edgware, the remaining 101 working at Clerkenwell, but living in their own homes in and around London. This addition to our residents has been made possible by the acquisition, on exceedingly favourable terms, of two old houses adjoining our Edgware premises. These were converted by our own staff into comfortable homes for sixteen of our 'veterans,' whose long residence entitled them to the extra comforts which the new buildings provide. There is still a long waiting list. If funds and accommodation permitted, we should like to admit more girls, many of whom are truly deserving. Here I should like to point out that the only qualification for admission to the Crippleage, apart from our being able to take them in, is the applicant's need, neither letters nor recommendations are ever asked for."

* * *

SOME years have elapsed since a lady—appalled at the distressing sights to be seen nightly in one of our most famous thoroughfares—the Thames Embankment—decided to use her endeavours in some way to mitigate the hard lot of London's "down-and-outs." Miss Betty Baxter, or to give her the title by which she is better known and loved by her humble friends—the Silver Lady—commenced her campaign by driving nightly to Charing Cross. Here she would round up the "dossers" and at the neighbouring coffee stall provide them with a free meal and a gift of silver to purchase a night's shelter. The numbers of her proteges have grown apace until at the present time when her mobile coffee stall (which has been found necessary to cope with the demands) draws up at the Admiralty Arch at midnight a crowd of between six and seven hundred of London's homeless and hopeless are eagerly awaiting its coming. And none is turned away. Food, clothing, and a few kindly cheery words bring comfort to the comfortless. Can we wonder that the name of the Silver Lady is one to conjure with in the underworld of London? Her offices are at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4, and if you would help kindly send to her there as she does not employ collectors of any kind. Over 77,000 free meals and 26,000 bed and breakfast tickets given last year.

* * *

A MERRY Christmas! This time-honoured yet ever new greeting is the world-wide expression of goodwill—wherever people meet or pass each other. It has a special meaning for those who on Christmas Day are far away from land, out on the cold, wintry sea. The Sailor's Christmas! Sailors, as we know, are jolly fellows, so we suppose their Christmas is jolly too—anyway we are sure they do their best to celebrate the great Christian festival. Christmas brings good cheer to many, but it brings a pang, too, for those who see the vacant chair—"Daddy's chair"—and "Daddy" is away at sea. Think of the sailor ashore in a foreign port or even in a British port away from his home and friends and then remember what the **British Sailors' Society** is doing to give him festive cheer. In ports all over the world from London to Leghorn, from Aberdeen to Adelaide, Belfast to Buenos Aires, wherever the Society has its Homes and Hostels there will be special Christmas welcome and an open door to happy company and generous hospitality. The help of readers will be welcomed by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, 680 Commercial Rd., London, E.14.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.
Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and **we are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8/11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8/11 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

Please remember US...

"We're looking forward to a happy Christmas in Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

Many of the 8,200 girls and boys now in the care of the Homes will be spending their first really happy Christmas. Without children, Christmas would be a very dull affair indeed, but with 8,200 youngsters to cater for the Festive Season is always an anxious time for Barnardo's. Please lend a hand!

Dr. BARNARDOS HOMES

10/- would be very acceptable.

Will you make at least one little child happy this Christmas?

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

S.O.S Don't forget this in your Christmas Giving

For 70 YEARS JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE and Flower Girls' Mission has been doing a great and merciful work, helping crippled girls to become partially self-supporting. These girls are admitted from all over the country without votes or payment of any kind. Some are blind, some deaf and dumb, some have only one hand or effective arm, some have spinal trouble. They are trained to make exquisite flowers—Orchids, Anemones, Lilies, Wistarias, Magnolias—for decorating rooms, banqueting halls, etc.

But this training costs money—so the number of cripples admitted is strictly limited by the funds available. There are many deserving cases on the "Waiting List." Must we turn a deaf ear to their urgent appeals for admission? ***The work is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions and occasional legacies received.***

Her Majesty the Queen, when Duchess of York, visited the Crippleage and expressed great satisfaction at the happy conditions under which the crippled girls work.

In addition to the 300 Crippled Girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell, 200 orphan girls are cared for in Orphan Homes at Clacton-on-Sea. Rest and Seaside Homes for Cripples are also maintained at Clacton.

What the Press says. (One of many tributes) :—

"To see girls so cruelly handicapped physically, showing the pluck and perseverance and patience which must go into the work they do, makes one thankful for men such as the late John A. Groom."

Make YOUR Christmas happier by making these cripples happy. Please send your contribution now. Postcard addressed to the Secretary will bring interesting literature.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

37, SEKFORDE STREET, CLERKENWELL, LONDON, E.C.1.

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Xmas 1937

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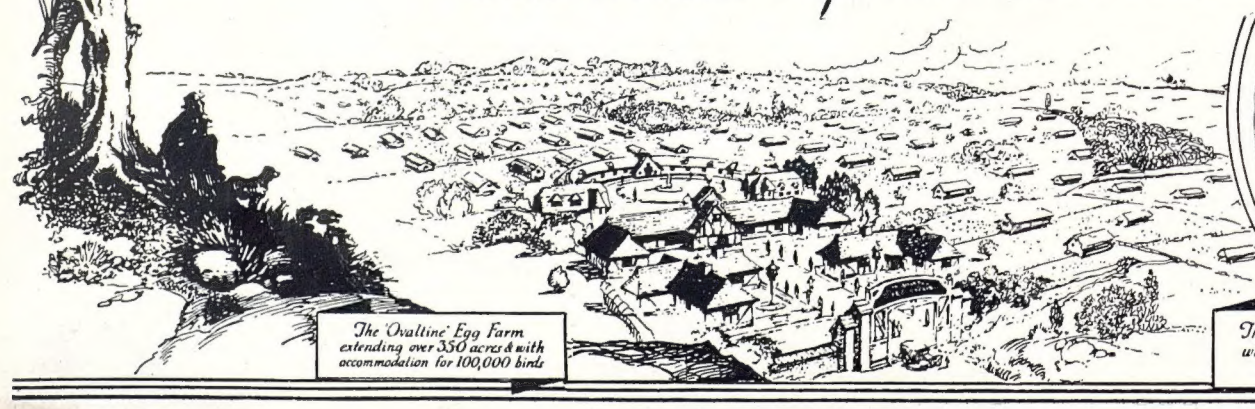

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A Memorable Year

And now for

Christmas

and

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

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